The Nation.

May 7, 1990 $1.75 U.S./$2.25 Canada

EDISON COLLEGE LIBRARY
East Orange, NJ 07019

APR 25

PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EAST ORANGE, NJ 07019
ART ACQUISITIONS
FERRIOD ICALS
LPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
TN FEB 1991 1 01
#USA3////C1491981# 0090
ED 070 DIGIT 3-DIGIT 070
#8bh1 ********* 3-DIGIT 070

NO THANKS, MARIO

Headlines from the end of history: Rightist Wins Big in Greece; Pragmatic Conservatives Triumph in Hungary, Vow Market Reforms. But then came Peru, where Mario Vargas Llosa, habitué of the best literary dinner tables in London, Paris and New York, was called on to play a starring role in this morality play of Freedom. Instead, his campaign stumbled badly, and Alberto Fujimori, an anonymous academic, is now heavily favored to win a June runoff.

Fujimori may be no liberal, but there is still plenty to celebrate—above all the richly deserved poke in the eye that Peru has delivered to the political consultants of the Sawyer/Miller Group who designed Vargas Llosa's campaign. Sawyer/Miller fetishizes polls, TV ads and focus groups. It handles Cory Aquino and the Polish Finance Ministry; it is about to open a branch office in Budapest; it often works in tandem with Jeffrey Sachs, the Harvard guru of economic shock treatment. But in the end, the firm's man in Peru was undone both by the ugliness of his message and by the pretty packaging that Sawyer/Miller wrapped it in.

Sawyer/Miller believes that voters' loyalties can be shaped instantaneously these days (a thesis supported, ironically, by Fujimori's last-minute surge). In a country like Peru, where people are sick of the established political parties, the trick was to market Vargas Llosa as something new. But politicians aren't like Michelob Dry: There's always an aftertaste. And as Peruvian voters digested Vargas Llosa's image, they decided he was just another rich white man in league with big business. We are not, as Sawyer/Miller would like us to believe, equal citizens of a "global electronic democracy." We are divided, as always, into rich and poor, and Peruvians seem to be on to that basic truth. Poles, beware.

RENDEZVOUS IN EUROPE
John Berger

READER'S DIGEST STORY
Benjamin H. Cheever

THE EAST GERMAN LEFT
Peter Rossman

YELTSIN FOR PRESIDENT?
Daniel Singer

KAREL CAPEK
John Clute

JESSICA MITFORD: AN INTERVIEW
Laila Weir
Cristina Martin

OPERATION 'ADLAI/ADELINE'

HOW THE F.B.I. GAYBAITED STEVENSON

ATHAN THEOHARIS

Well before Adlai Stevenson agreed to run for President against Dwight Eisenhower in 1952, vague rumors circulated that the Illinois Governor was gay. There was no public evidence that the rumors were true, and, in any case, Stevenson's sexuality was his own business. Nonetheless, in the intolerant atmosphere of the 1950s, J. Edgar Hoover saw the makings of a smear against the Illinois liberal. He placed one of the unsubstantiated reports—relayed to him by the head of the F.B.I.'s New York office, who had heard it from a detective—in one of the two secret files he kept in his office, and the bureau incorporated Stevenson's name in its special "Sex Deviate" index-card file.

According to documents recently obtained under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA), the report stated flatly that Stevenson and David Owen, then the president of Bradley University, were the "two best known homosexuals" in the state of Illinois, that Stevenson was "well known as 'Adeline'" and that he "would not run for President because of this."

The bureau's interest in Stevenson dated from the late 1930s and early 1940s, when the name of the young attorney and New Deal Democrat began appearing in reports that associated him with popular-front and other organizations engaged in what the bureau regarded as un-American pursuits. But now the F.B.I. had more than just the goods on his "subversive activities"; it had the start of a dossier on his personal behavior that would grow with the years. In the repressive 1950s and early 1960s

(*Continued on Page 635*)

0 377535 6 19
08585

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCHANGE.

FREAK MOUSE LIFE OF PARTY

Brooklyn, N.Y.

While I am grateful to *The Nation* for adding scientific information to the abortion debate, Charles A. Gardner's "Is an Embryo a Person?" [Nov. 13, 1989] causes me concern. The basic flaw in the article is a lack of precision or focus in the use of terminology. In his consideration of an experiment with two mouse embryos, Gardner jumps from a fertilized egg to one that has cleaved to the sixteen-cell stage, to a ball of cells, to a pair of embryos, to the "awareness" of early embryonic cells, to a body pattern, to "the only explanation." Instead of laying a foundation of definitions and the chronology of normal development (fertilization, the zygote, cleavage, the morula, the blastocyst, the embryonic disc), Gardner treats us to a kind of developmental sideshow: the freak mouse with four parents. This might be perfect scientific trivia for a party given by Dr. Frankenstein, but is it the best evidence with which to arm pro-choice advocates?

Having trivialized the nature of early embryonic development, the intrepid Gardner loses himself in oversimplified nonsense about programs, fate, migration of cells, twins, fingerprints, the neural tube, the brain, the conscious mind, the distinctions between humans and other living things: "The early embryo, before the development of the mature human brain, has only one quality to distinguish it from all other living things: It has the potential to become a human being. But it is a strange kind of potential, having no determined path or blueprint to follow. The fertilized egg cell does not contain its fate." So, is the fertilized egg an embryo, or is a human before the development of the mature brain an embryo? That takes in a lot of territory, since the brain actually continues to grow, develop and form new pathways even two years after birth.

There is no mention of a fundamental process called differentiation, whereby the embryonic cells interact with the cells around them, and with adjacent layers of cells, to arrive at their final form and function. Interactions occur between the DNA in the nucleus of each embryonic cell and its extracellular environment. This is hardly the random, directionless, "strange" pattern Gardner refers to. He says, "There is no program to specify the fate of each cell. Rather, a cell's behavior is influenced at each stage by its location within the developing body pattern of the embryo." Confusing? He makes an elegant process seem completely unfathomable. Indeed, Gardner's references to chance and extrinsic factors seem more appropriate to a discourse on natural selection than to one about human gestation. It may be true that "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny" (the developing embryo exhibits features of more primitive organisms), but Gardner appears to bring this concept to the wrong debate.

Scattered throughout Gardner's piece are some important points. DNA is not a simple blueprint, any more than a recipe is simply a list of ingredients. Human DNA in a cell does not make a person; each body cell has a complete set of chromosomes. Definitions in a continuous process are inherently arbitrary. Those who would restrict abortion base their objections on arbitrary concepts. Gardner is successful if his goal is to prove that knowledge about human development is subject to interpretation.

Neither side in the debate addresses a vital feature of pregnancy known as the placenta. This structure arises from the same fertilized egg as the fetus, yet no one considers it a human being or twin. Consider the placenta and you can no longer see the egg/embryo/fetus as a person out of the context of the woman within whom it develops. The placenta is most intimately connected with the question of viability. It is at the other end of that umbilical cord and continues to sustain a baby for a time even after it is born.

Freedom, progress, science, clarity of thought and women's lives are all under attack by a group of religious fanatics. Delusions from the religious right, however, cannot be neutralized with confused advisories such as Gardner's article. *John R. Bruno*

TWIST OF FATE

Franklin, N.C.

One more matter could be added to Charles A. Gardner's objective, intelligent and moral consideration of a subject so vulnerable to emotional thinking. It is my understanding that the developmental processes he so carefully describes have yet another twist, like any good mystery story: the possibility of a "wrong" turn in the process that brings about a spontaneous abortion. It is obvious that this reduces the "potential for a human being" to zero. What are the statistics on spontaneous abortion? How late in a pregnancy might Mother Nature speak?

Mary Critchell

WILLKE'S ZYGOTE GETS *MY* GOAT

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Of course the statement by Dr. Jack Willke, the president of the Right to Life Committee, that "contained within the single cell who I once was, was the totality of everything I am today" is nonsense. Dr. Willke was not ever a single cell in the same sense that he is now an interdependent aggregate collection of $6x10^{13}$ or so cells. Charles Gardner's article was much needed and his well-written biochemical and ontogenetic approach to the developing human clearly shows that one cannot define a human being by attempting to discover the essence of being human in a system, such as the nervous system, or in any other biological way. Unfortunately he may have fallen unwillingly into the trap that the "scientific" right-to-lifers set for everyone who tries to answer the question, When does human life begin? through scientific criteria. Pediatrician Brian G. Zack clearly stated the limitations of science in this area in the July 17, 1981, issue of *Science*. Congress had asked medical science to tell it when human life begins. The acute and courageous response was, "Life is not an elemental quality" but "a state of being, a matter of definition." Dr. Zack ends with this paragraph:

> The issue is thus not whether the zygote, embryo, and fetus are human lives in a scientific, definitional sense. The asking of that question is testimony to a profound misunderstanding of the capabilities and limitations of science. The issue is at what stage of development shall the entity destined to acquire the attributes of a human being be vested with the rights and protections accorded that status. . . . Science may never make moral judgments; the law must. To ask science to define human life in scientific terms for use by the law in moral terms is a travesty of both honorable traditions.

J.F. Crosby made philosophical attempts at finding when human life begins by using causation theory. He concluded that "the potential human being becomes actualized through the cessation of an exclusive in-utero dependency upon the material, formal, and efficient causes of its being, and the beginning of a nonexclusive ex-utero dependency upon nurturing and care-giving sources." Crosby's work also traces the historical practices and conceptions of what is a human life, for whom, and when. In all these discussions the words "potentiality" and "actuality" must be understood. Aristotle's analysis makes it clear that in defining a potentiality (to become a human being or anything else) we must specify what it is a potentiality for, and in so doing we inevitably name the actuality. So the problem is also a problem with language itself. If something is actualized one could say it had the potential to become so actualized; in other words, a potentiality can only be said to have existed once it is actualized. All talk about a cell or a group of cells being "potentially a human being" is incorrect in a deep way.

The abortion issue is one of choice and reproductive rights versus compulsory pregnancy. Science and new scientific information shouldn't be dragged into the debate; to do so implies, wrongly, that the issue could be resolved through discovery.

Jorge H.-Aigla, M.D.

GARDNER REPLIES

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Moral questions cannot be resolved scientifically, as Jorge H.-Aigla suggests. But

(*Continued on Page 647*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 250, Number 18

EXCHANGE

618 *John R. Bruno, Mary Critchell Jorge H.-Aigla, Charles A. Gardner*

EDITORIALS

617 No Thanks, Mario
619 Sacked & Looted
620 John Henry
620 *News* to Unions: Drop Dead — *Gene Ruffini*
621 Majority of 8 — *James Munves*

COLUMNS

622 Beat the Devil — *Alexander Cockburn*
624 Beltway Bandits — *David Corn*

ARTICLES

617 Operation "Adlai/Adeline": How the F.B.I. Gaybaited Stevenson — *Athan Theoharis*
625 Revolution of '89: Keeping a Rendezvous — *John Berger*
628 *Reader's Digest* Story: Bad Days in Pleasantville — *Benjamin H. Cheever*
632 East Germany's Left: Dashed Hopes for a New Socialism — *Peter Rossman*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

637 Yeltsin: Against the Grain: An Autobiography — *Daniel Singer*
638 Prague Wellspring: Karel Capek — *John Clute*
640 Rodgers: Contested Truths: Keywords in American Politics Since Independence
Gerstle: Working-Class Americanism: The Politics of Labor in a Textile City, 1914–1960 — *Alan Dawley*
642 Jessica Mitford: An Interview — *Laila Weir and Cristina Martin*
643 Theater — *Thomas M. Disch*
644 Going On (poem) — *William Stafford*
644 Films — *Stuart Klawans*
646 Madamina (poem) — *Ben Sonnenberg*

Illustrations by Roxana Villa

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors*, George Black, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor*, Micah L. Sifry; *Literary Editor*, Elsa Dixler; *Associate Literary Editor*, Art Winslow; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Managing Editor*, JoAnn Wypijewski; *Copy Chief*, Roane Carey; *Copy Editor*, Judith Long; *Assistant Copy Editor*, Anne-Marie Otey; *Assistant to the Editor*, Dennis Selby; *Interns*, Jody Berger (Washington), Laura Brownstone, Gideon Forman, Benjamin Hensler, Christopher Johnson, Peter Rothberg, Deborah Schwartz, Laurie Stuhlbarg.

Departments: *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance*, Mindy Aloff; *Fiction*, John Leonard; *Lingo*, Jim Quinn; *Music*, David Hamilton, Edward W. Said, Gene Santoro; *Theater*, Thomas M. Disch, Moira Hodgson; *Bureaus: Washington*, Jefferson Morley and David Corn, *editors*; *Europe*, Daniel Singer; *United Kingdom*, E.P. Thompson; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Christopher Hitchens (*Minority Report*), Stuart Klawans (*The Small Time*), Edward Sorel; *Contributing Editors*: Kai Bird, Thomas Ferguson, Doug Henwood, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, Katha Pollitt, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Herman Schwartz, Michael Thomas, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener; *Editorial Board*: Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins. *Editors at Large*, Richard Pollak, Katrina vanden Heuvel.

Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by addressed, stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

President and Associate Publisher, David Parker; *General Manager*, Neil Black; *Advertising Director*, Chris Calhoun; *Advertising Sales Representative*, Caerthan Banks; *Classified Advertising Director*, Gary Pomerantz; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers*, Ivor A. Richardson, Shirleathia Watson; *Art/Production Manager*, Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director*, Margaret Pyle; *Subscription Manager*, Cookee V. Klein; *Circulation Coordinator*, Jacqueline Lucas; *Receptionists*, Greta Loell, Vivette Dhanukdhari; *Data Entry and Mail Coordinator*, John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Production*, Terry Miller; *Typography*, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates: Director*, Sandra Zickefoose, *Assistant Director*, Carlos Durazo; *Syndication*, Jeff Sorensen; *Publicity and Special Projects Director*, Peter G. Meyer; *InterNation*, Chris Calhoun.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1990 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion OH 43305. *Subscription Price*: One year, $36; two years, $64. Add $14 for surface mail postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. This issue went to press on April 19.

EDITORIALS.

Sacked & Looted

The several political, financial and ethical disasters lumped together under the much-too-mild rubric of the savings and loan mess represent the signal failure of the American "system" in the Age of Reagan. Just as Vietnam exemplified the failure of imperial liberalism in the 1960s and Watergate epitomized the bankruptcy of presidential democracy in the 1970s, so the S&L scandal reveals the rotten core of Reaganism beneath the triumphal facade of freedom, prosperity and power.

It is difficult to rank the components or sequence the causes of a crisis that is, after all, still in its early stages. Perhaps Americans fifty years from now, who will still be paying the material as well as the political costs incurred by ancestors they never met, will be better able to see how it all happened. For now, it appears that the first mistake was the uncritical embrace of deregulation by liberal Democrats no less than conservative Republicans, beginning in the Carter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years. Deregulation was the defining strategy of the corporate attack on government supervision and popular participation in all social affairs, which began in the early 1970s. In effect, the campaign was meant to roll back forty years of policies from the New Deal through the Great Society, and to stymie the movements for democratic renewal that had so threatened corporate power in the 1960s.

What began as a small Democratic tactical retreat was enshrined as Republican ideology. The Reagan Administration made the "magic of the marketplace" the national religion, and deregulation was its daily ritual. Every hindrance to corporate freedom came under fire: environmental controls, labor organization, health and safety guidelines, welfare benefits, trade restrictions and, not least of all, financial oversight. Banks, including the "thrifts," were not only let loose to engage in any activity they fancied, the practice of strict examination and auditing that had begun during the Great Depression was all but abandoned.

The unsupervised banks thus became a prime source for the credit that fueled the "Reagan boom" of the 1980s. Much of the growth was speculative and confined to real estate deals of dubious merit and to exotic financial transactions, such as mergers and leveraged buyouts, which created more debt, which the banks then refinanced, ad infinitum. The snake grew by feeding on its own tail.

To preserve and extend their freedom of action, the banks began buying politicians—Democratic and Republican, progressive and reactionary—with campaign contributions and personal loans. The skeletal regulatory agencies were staffed by banker-friendly officials, who dared not interfere with the corrupt system and dealt harshly with any lowly whistleblower who tooted a note of concern.

After many deals went sour and widespread fraud (estimated by the F.B.I. as affecting fully half the S&Ls now in crisis) caused the thrift system to collapse, the politicians in both parties simply "socialized" the debt. What that entails is an unprecedented transfer of wealth from taxpayers of all classes to creditors, depositors and bondholders of the upper strata to the tune of $500 billion and counting [see "Beltway Bandits," page 624]. And the damage will not be confined to the S&L industry alone. All government credit-creating services and many private industries (such as insurance companies) are also at risk, in a domino effect that is just beginning.

John Henry

Old left-drubbing is much in vogue these days. But the death of a man like John Henry Faulk, the broadcasting personality who helped break the blacklist with his record $3.5 million libel judgment against Aware Inc. (formed to "combat the Communist conspiracy in entertainment communications"), should remind us of the principal and principled contribution of so many on the so-called old left.

Don't get us wrong. John Henry was not your average anti-anti-Communist crusader. You have heard of First Amendment absolutists; John Henry was a First Amendment fanatic. And to make his point, this *Hee Haw* regular would quote with equal authority James Madison and his own Cousin Ella—the one who tried to get him into "the foot-washing Baptist church because they had the only truth."

Blind in one eye, he would narrow the other, thicken his Texas accent and deliver a learned disquisition on the dangers of vigilantism, in the midst of which he might observe, "Even Cousin Snodgrass had a Committee to Combat Communist Infiltration in the Third Precinct of Washtub County. 'By God, Johnny, come down here and see how we've held them Communists at bay. There ain't one in our government today in Washtub County.'"

John Henry attacked Texas textbook censors in our pages, conducted passionate and hilarious seminars for our interns and even did his best to point an enlightened Texas oil billionaire in our direction. We'll miss this special friend of *The Nation.*

News to Unions: Drop Dead

The $3 billion Tribune Company, the media conglomerate from the city of the big shoulders, loves to bash unions. In a 1985 strike it successfully replaced 1,000 of its craft workers at the Chicago *Tribune* with nonunion personnel. Masterminding its win over the employees of the composing room, mail room and pressroom was Robert (Cat) Ballow, of King & Ballow of Nashville, notorious among unions as a hired gun with many notches on his pistol grip. Before Ballow hired out to the Tribune, he had won union decertification at the Capital Cities–owned Wilkes-Barre *Times Leader*, the Covington *Virginian Review*, the Shamokin, Pennsylvania, *News Item* and other newspapers.

Now the silky Southerner aims to do the same for the Tribune Company in that hotbed of unionism, New York City. Unionists and labor experts see the negotiations as a make-or-break situation for the seventy-one-year-old *Daily News*, the biggest metropolitan newspaper in America, with a circulation of 1.2 million. That newspaper's contract with ten unions, members of the city's Allied Printing Trades Council (A.P.T.C.), expired on March 30, and the company has made it painfully clear that it intends to publish the *News* with scab labor.

The threat has caused alarm in the hallways and executive chambers of the state and national A.F.L.-C.I.O., where the outcome is seen as crucial to the fate of unions in the newspaper business and to the labor movement in general. Veteran labor mediator Theodore Kheel, an unpaid A.P.T.C. adviser, said, "This will be the most important labor dispute of 1990" and "potentially more damaging to the unions than the Eastern Airlines machinists strike and the PATCO strike." In both cases, the striking employees were replaced, with devastating results for the unions. The Greyhound strike is the most recent and notable example of such tactics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All those strikes illustrate the prevalent management strategy of taking advantage of a 1938 Supreme Court ruling, rarely invoked until recently, giving employers permission to hire permanent replacements for workers who strike for "economic reasons," such as pay raises and benefits.

The Tribune Company claims it has lost $115 million in the past ten years at the *News* and that labor costs devoured 44 percent of its $4 billion revenue at the paper during that period. The company says the percentage includes nearly $20 million a year paid in overtime and that labor costs at other major newspapers in the Tribune chain amounted to just 25 percent of their revenues. In particular the company complains of extreme featherbedding and overstaffing by the unions for drivers and pressmen. It says it needs to cut the cash equivalent of 700 to 1,000 jobs from its work force. Unless it gets its savings, the company is loath to spend up to $500 million on new presses and plants that are needed to make the paper competitive in the dwindling market shared by the *New York Post* and *New York Newsday*, both of which lose money.

The Tribune Company has introduced contract proposals which the unions, representing 2,500 workers, find draconian and regressive, wiping out the gains of decades. The demands, they contend, are a ploy to force a strike in order to close the paper, a charge the company denies.

Meanwhile, the newspaper has dropped the union bug from its pages and provocatively advertised for new workers—attracting thousands of strikebreaking applicants—and recruited reporters and editors from Tribune newspapers. Under heavy security, alternate newsrooms have been established around New York City and elsewhere and security has been increased at *Daily News* plants.

Moreover, in a move that A.P.T.C. president George McDonald called "as subtle as a sledgehammer," *News* publisher James Hoge took his executives on a tour of Rupert Murdoch's printing complex in London, known as Fort Wapping because of the heavy security installed there when Murdoch successfully froze out British unions.

To Kheel, what is particularly ominous is a report by a Wall Street firm specializing in stock analysis that said, as he paraphrased it, the Tribune Company "stands to gain if it gets 100 percent of what it wants or if . . . the *News* goes out of business."

"If they get what they want they will have a very salable product and if they don't get what they want—and precipitate a strike—they may be relieved of shutdown liabilities of $100 million [in severance and other costs]."

The Tribune is thus in a no-lose situation, which does not help chances for a settlement, according to Kheel. Despite the *News*'s disavowal, the unions are convinced the paper has no interest in reaching an agreement, and "the aim is to destroy the unions or destroy the *Daily News*, or both," said Kheel. "It is one of the most sinister efforts by a company I have seen in my fifty years of labor negotiating." At this juncture, a strike seems certain. GENE RUFFINI

Gene Ruffini is a veteran New York City reporter who has written extensively on labor matters.

Majority of 8

At 4:45 P.M. on Tuesday, April 10, the Plowshares Eight, after a decade of litigation, were forgiven by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Convicted in 1981 of damaging two Minuteman missile nose cones at General Electric's King of Prussia plant, they had been sentenced to one and a half to ten years for burglary and conspiracy. Now they have all been paroled in consideration of the time they spent in prison awaiting trial ten years ago, which ranged from five days for Daniel Berrigan to seventeen and a half months for Elmer Maas, who refused bail.

Judge James Buckingham, who was recalled from his retirement and assigned to the resentencing, said several times in his sentencing statement that "ten years have passed" since the events at G.E. The difference between Judge Buckingham and Judge Samuel Salus 3d, who presided over the trial in 1981, was like day and night. This time, in the same Montgomery County courtroom, the defendants were permitted to raise the justification defense and to call witnesses in their behalf. Judge Buckingham listened carefully to former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, acting as defendants' friend and adviser, and to Robert Jay Lifton, Richard Falk and Howard Zinn, who put the defendants in the context of those who, ahead of their time, create changes in consciousness. Clark described them as "the most unselfish, gentle people I have ever known." Lifton said they were "resisting the psychic numbing that affects all of us" and contributing to a new "species consciousness." Falk pointed out the consistency of their action with the principle of international law that holds that individuals have a responsibility to oppose unlawful government policies. Zinn predicted they would be counted in history among those who, unsung in their own time, are recognized by later generations as pioneers. As Daniel Berrigan put it, Nelson Mandela, Vaclav Havel and Andrei Sakharov demonstrate that courts and other officials don't have the final say.

Judge Buckingham complimented Clark on his presentation and expressed sympathy with the defendants' views. The prosecutor, who could have asked for stiff sentences, made no recommendation at all. General Electric did not even request reparations for the damage caused to its missiles. (The company has its own troubles; it is due for sentencing for defrauding the government on military contracts.)

What the eight did at the King of Prussia plant started something. Since then, there have been thirty-six plowshares actions in the United States, Europe and Australia. The U.S. Catholic bishops, the United Methodists and other denominations have condemned nuclear war preparation and warmaking, inspired by the people who risked hammering swords into plowshares. As in Eastern Europe it is becoming clear that activities outside the entrenched political systems have effects; perhaps the only true revolutions are those of consciousness. JAMES MUNVES

James Munves is a longtime contributor to The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEAT THE DEVIL.

The Invasion of Nicaragua

It is now pretty clear that the substantive response of the U.S. government to UNO's victory was to organize the immediate resupply of its *contra* force in Honduras with fresh equipment and arms, and these *contras* were then propelled into Nicaragua. At exactly the moment that every newspaper in the United States—right, liberal and social democrat—was pulsing with hymns to democracy and odes to "reconciliation," a U.S.-backed invasion was taking place.

The *contras*' strategy is plain, and in line with the instructions from Washington that have flowed to their leaders down the years: escalation of terror in the Nicaraguan countryside, increased tempo of assassination of Sandinista activists, attempts to seize power on a town-by-town, region-by-region basis, execution of a counterrevolution within the counterrevolution.

The possible options are all favorable to U.S. imperial interest. First, the strategy of tension: black hands painted on the houses of Frente sympathizers, raids on farm co-ops, murders, plus increasingly strident *contra* demands that the army demobilize. Then, either the Sandinistas endure further humiliation as they yield ground, or they resist, in which case a U.S. invasion becomes ever more likely, with the excuse that U.S. forces were invited by Chamorro (or Godoy or any of the *contra* chieftains in the UNO coalition) to "prevent violence" and insure that the mandate of the February 25 election is observed.

The foregoing is not pure speculation. Early in April, Ortega and d'Escoto were talking about civil war, with possible postponement of transfer of power. Then on April 18, Ortega gave ground and made an agreement with Chamorro that the *contras* need only begin disarming on April 25 and complete that process in June. He even ratified the idea of disarming the people, saying that Sandinista civilians would surrender weapons in pace with presumptive *contra* disarming. This is an ominous portent: Ortega, aglow with respectability and the praise of Dan Quayle, seeking to be responsible in the manner of Michael Manley. Where's all that talk of "ruling from below" now?

Meanwhile, Witness for Peace has been reporting that victims of *contra* assaults have testified that the rebels are launching attacks, wearing fresh uniforms and carrying new weapons. Who gave them this equipment? Remember, one absolute constant in postwar U.S. policy has been control of the military in countries within the imperial realm. The *contras* will stay supplied and active so long as a Sandinista army exists, or until they are destroyed.

Here is a typical W.F.P. report. On March 31 *contras* intimidated and robbed the president of a farming co-op in San Marcos, seventeen miles northeast of Juigalpa. Juan Castro (his name changed at his request) told Mardy Townsend and Michael Skinner that one of the *contras* ordered him at bayonet point to lie down and told him: "On April 25 you are the ones who are going to disarm. We've never even thought about laying down our arms. . . . Milk your cows and leave, and if I see you here a second time, your head will be hung on that tree." Castro said that the *contras*' gear, ir cluding AK-47 rifles, was all new.

In line with its strategy of insuring that at least 3,000 wel armed *contras* continue to destabilize Nicaragua, the U.S government is either abusing or conniving at the abuse o three accords. First, the Toncontin accord of March 2 under which the *contras* agreed to lay down their arms– now a dead letter. Second, the March 27 agreement betwee the Sandinistas and UNO on the transfer of power, unde which the *contras* would disarm and the army remain intac pending reductions requested by Chamorro, and with senio officers relinquishing positions in the F.S.L.N.—also a dea letter. Third, the April 3 agreement signed by all five Centra American Presidents in Montélimar, Nicaragua, calling fo the *contras* to disarm. So that aid would not go to *contra* refusing to disarm, the five Presidents specifically asked th United States to channel funds through the Internationa Support and Verification Commission (C.I.A.V.) of th United Nations and the Organization of American States set up for that purpose.

Now the State Department is backing a bill in Congres that contains a loophole allowing the U.S. government t distribute the "repatriation and demobilization" aid t UNO—i.e., directly to the *contras*—rather than through th C.I.A.V. Nothing new here. Since 1987 the United States ha abused *all* Central American agreements. As the Witness fo Peace report of April 12 notes: "Remember that one yea ago today Congress approved the Bipartisan Accord, whic funded the contras and promised there would be no mor contra attacks. . . . that promise was violated wholesale."

Meanwhile, the U.S. press contents itself with reportin symbolic surrenders of arms to a U.N. team by the few *con tras* left in Honduras. The arms they gave up are junk, an those *contras* are disabled. If the tragedy—past, present an future—was not so overwhelming, there would be som grim satisfaction in seeing the proclamations of a "victor for democracy" in Nicaragua so rapidly and crudely submit ting to the critique of reality. As things are, that same Feb ruary 25 election will go down in history as just anothe contrivance—the ritual of an election, the reality of militar and economic duress—in the subjugation of Nicaragua b the United States.

Even as a contributor to *In These Times* was hailing th beauty of the UNO victory and speakers at the Socialis Scholars Conference in New York such as Paul Berman wer making energetic distinction between the *contras* and th "democratic strategy" of UNO (Berman himself confidin he would have voted for UNO), the real, unsurprising agend has been unfolding.

Walk, Do Not Run, to the Nearest Exit

Echoing the Easter theme that from death comes life, *Th New York Times* ran as its lead front-page story on April 1 a soothing essay by Louis Uchitelle headlined "Economy Expected to Absorb Effects of Military Cuts," with a smalle headline noting "Temporary Job Loss Seen." In such lan-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guage are heralded the economic consequences of any slowdown in the spending tempo of the cold war.

Reading Uchitelle you would think that already the military component of the G.N.P. was quaintly irrelevant to American economic life, like pony traps in Amish country: "Never before on the eve of a major reduction [in war spending] has the military represented so small a portion of the national economy: less than 6 percent of the total wealth [he means income] created in the nation last year."

That isn't how it feels here in California, where the Pentagon spent $90 billion in purchases in 1989, more than twice the total, $40.7 billion, enjoyed by the nearest rival, New York. Can it be true that all those engineers in Los Angeles County clustered around Redondo Beach, drawing $100,000-plus salaries from Lockheed, Hughes, Northrup, TRW, McDonnell Douglas and the others, will find equivalent employment in the civilian sector, and all those arms plants will be converted to making peaceful things like golf carts or blow-dryers for public lavatories? Talk to those engineers or analysts at Rand and they certainly don't think the future looks bright. They are on their knees, praying that the Soviet Union invades Lithuania.

There is one big example of conversion in Los Angeles, namely the Pico Rivera factory, which used to be owned by Ford and made cars and which is now owned by Northrup and makes the Stealth bomber, a plane identifiable only by the tidal wave of red ink on its procurement budget, usefully propping up the economy of Southern California. If military spending is as relatively insignificant as Uchitelle suggests, how come every Congressional district in the state, whether represented by Bob Dornan or Barbara Boxer, erupts in hysteria whenever bases are threatened with closure?

Uchitelle made a revealing mistake in his chronology of the effects of military spending reductions after World War II. "The huge cutback . . . produced a recession," he wrote, "but the pent-up demand for goods and then the Korean War quickly made the economy boom." It didn't quite happen like that. The war ended and as military spending dwindled, the economy in 1946 was flat. No recession yet. Pent-up demand did spark things in 1946 and 1947, and the economy got another shot in the arm with the Marshall Plan in 1948, but by 1949 peacetime spending wasn't doing the job. This is the point Uchitelle elided. Then the Truman recession of that year struck harshly, and it was only with the rise in military spending coincident with the onset of the Korean War, in June 1950, that matters improved.

The same lesson had been inscribed on the later half of the 1930s. By his second term Roosevelt thought the private sector could be relied upon to keep the economy running at a decent tilt. Private business failed at its appointed task and in 1937 and 1938 came a savage downturn, annulled only by the rise in military spending as war loomed. This was the last time the United States had anything resembling a peacetime economy. Nixon reduced military spending in real terms every year he held office and consequently presided over two recessions, in 1970 and 1973. Only with Carter came the building blocks of recovery, with the 3 percent real increases in arms spending mandated for all NATO countries from 1977 through 1985.

These days we have Alan Greenspan, just like the bankers in the mid-1930s, behaving as though inflation were the main enemy, plus a lot of people hoping for a "peace dividend" simply because military spending might be falling slightly in real terms. The only dividend will be recession, unless Congress is urged to vote lots of money for something else, like education. The trouble is that no one will stand for $7,000 school desks or $100,000 salaries for public-school teachers. Only with the military do we find the properly aberrant scale of values required to get a decent economic bang for our bucks.

Social Notes

I sat in Berkeley waiting to have lunch with my friend F. He was late and arrived wearing dark glasses. He'd been coming up an on-ramp for the Bay Bridge from the San Francisco side when he got smashed in the head, as though someone had thrown a brick through his car window. He looked down on the floor, where a pigeon struggled to regain its composure before fluttering off through the window again.

F. showed me the scratch on his eyeball made by the pigeon's beak. I said to look on the bright side, that the pigeon could have blinded him. F. stressed the downside, that he had been the victim of a freakish accident.

I remarked—and F. agreed in general principle, while swabbing his eye—that the idea of an "accident" is profoundly bourgeois. Newspapers, almanacs of bourgeois thought, love accidents because they ratify the idea of order. The Exxon Valdez had an "accident" and covered Prince William Sound with crude oil. "Normalcy" would have been for the ship to proceed to Long Beach, California, and unload its crude, which, duly refined, would then have been vented through car exhaust pipes over Los Angeles.

So the encounter between man and bird was not fortuitous. In fact it was the product of extraordinarily precise scheduling. Had not F. delayed in his office for two minutes, then stopped to chat with his son, whom he saw parked on Oak Street? A thousand factors could have caused the pigeon to miss F.'s car and perhaps, in an amazing "accidental" twist, fly into the window of the Chinese-American driving twenty feet behind, who overtook F. seconds after the impact, making theatrical gestures of sympathy.

What was the pigeon's side of the story? What shift in its social, medical or meteorological circumstances prompted this encounter?

An obscure British peer was once found dead with a broken neck, plainly fallen from the balcony of his Belgravia home. They searched for a cause. He had been sober, had not suffered a stroke, seemed not to have been pushed. Was it an accident? Seeking clues they scanned his entry in *Who's Who*. There they found the notation: "Hobbies: kicking pigeons."

An "accident" is normalcy raised to the level of drama.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ What's Good for G.E.

The hemorrhage continues. By the time you finish reading this column, another $250,000 (more, if you hang on every word) will have been lost in the savings and loan scandal. Estimates for the final tally keep rising: $300 billion, $500 billion and, the farsighted say, $1 trillion. With all that money being spent on the bailout, managed by the new Resolution Trust Corporation, only the most innocent imagination would not see the potential for abuse.

The Benjamin Franklin Federal Savings Association of Houston is a case in point. It descended into conservatorship in June 1989 with about $2 billion in government-guaranteed deposits. In November the securities firm of Kidder, Peabody, a contractor for the R.T.C., solicited bids for the assets and loan portfolio of a subsidiary of the thrift. The book value of the package is roughly $500 million, according to Charles Duncan, the R.T.C.'s managing agent at Benjamin Franklin. Several offers came in, and Kidder, Peabody selected Hyperion Partners to negotiate a deal.

Conflict of interest! cried a competing bidder. Hyperion had declared its intent to finance its acquisition of the portfolio with funds from the General Electric Capital Corporation, owned by General Electric, which also happens to own Kidder, Peabody. The R.T.C.'s regulations state that a conflict of interest occurs when a contract leads to the "benefit of the contractor or any related entity." John Dolan of the R.T.C. Contracts Group writes in a letter that conflict rules center on "the Contractor and not the sources of financing unless that financing is provided by a related entity." Still, he will not say if a conflict exists here, noting the matter was reviewed by Katherine Corigliano, head of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation's ethics office; she did not return phone calls. George Bicher, a Kidder, Peabody exec, claims, of course, there's no problem: A fire wall exists between G.E. Capital and Kidder, Peabody, and financing is not a key part of the deal. Common sense says, Whoa.

There's more. Hyperion is run by Lewis Ranieri, the Wall Street legend and prankster renowned for pioneering the mortgage bond market when he was at Salomon Brothers and for holding a burning Bic lighter beneath the private parts of an unsuspecting trader. Ranieri and his sharks at Salomon, according to Michael Lewis, author of the best-selling *Liar's Poker*, made billions preying on "minnows"—*a k a* S&L executives—convincing them to buy their mortgage bonds. Now Ranieri is "helping" the R.T.C. clean up the mess he profited from. In February the R.T.C. hired two Ranieri companies to assist in managing the portfolio of a Kansas S&L. So, reviewing the Benjamin Franklin tale: R.T.C. contractor #1 selects R.T.C contractor #2 (thus, an insider) for a potentially lucrative deal that will benefit the parent of R.T.C. contractor #1. All in the name of serving the taxpayer.

■ Next: The C.I.A.-HUD Connection

The C.I.A.'s complicity in the S&L scandal has become part of the brief against the Company ever since *The Houston Post* in early February began a series of stories linking alleged agency operatives, mobsters and failed thrifts. The intriguing *Post* stories do deserve attention, though not because they uncover a grand C.I.A. scheme to loot thrifts. Rather, they reveal the murky world where C.I.A. and private business sometimes intersect. At first the *Post* stories were a bit soft. The newspaper reported that it had evidence that "suggests a possible link" between the C.I.A. and organized crime in the failure of at least twenty-two S&Ls. It listed the thrifts but then failed to detail all the connections. Reporter Pete Brewton was on to something, however. He has detailed three cases in which individuals with purported C.I.A. ties (in varying degrees of strength) were mixed up with S&L failures. They are:

§ Robert Corson—a Houston developer who bought Vision Banc Savings, made a shaky $20 million loan to finance a land deal involving organized crime figures and C.I.A. operatives (who aren't identified by the *Post*) and became the target of a federal inquiry. The *Post* quotes an unnamed former agency operative saying Corson transported cash for the C.I.A.

§ Ray Corona—a Miami banker convicted in 1987 of racketeering. In 1984 Peoples Savings and Loan lent Corona $3 million to help keep his own bank open. Peoples also lent money to a Corona associate who had borrowed from an S&L that had lent funds to a business colleague of Corson, the reputed C.I.A. operative. (See how it goes.) Moreover, Corona had two associates—a drug dealer and an owner of Peoples—who, in turn, were close to Frank Castro, a Bay of Pigs veteran and alleged drug smuggler. Castro worked with the C.I.A.-backed *contras*.

§ Farhad Azima—the owner of Global International Airways, which went bankrupt in 1983. Here Brewton has his best story. Strong circumstantial evidence suggests G.I.A. flew missions for the agency. Azima borrowed more than $1 million from the Kansas-based Indian Springs State Bank, of which he was the fourth largest shareholder. The bank failed in 1984, and one source told Brewton that the F.B.I. did not investigate the case because Azima was "off limits."

After Brewton's piece appeared, Representative Frank Annunzio, chair of a House banking subcommittee, asked C.I.A. head William Webster to testify in response to the *Post* stories. Webster refused. Annunzio passed the inquiry to the House Intelligence Committee, which says it is conducting its own probe. In countering C.I.A. denials of the allegations, *Post* editor David Burgin said, "The fact remains that billions of dollars are missing in the national S&L scandal. Where did it all go?" The answer, of course, is not the C.I.A. The operatives in Brewton's pieces handled chump change compared with that drawn by the legitimate wheeler-dealers. The big villains should not be forgotten: the Reagan-Bush Administrations, Congress, corrupt S&L execs, and the hot-shit, paper-pushing financiers. Not only did the Lewie Ranieris laugh all the way to the bank; they've come back for more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

REVOLUTION OF '89

Keeping a Rendezvous

JOHN BERGER

The photographs come from Warsaw, Leipzig, Budapest, Bratislava, Riga, Sofia. Each nation has a slightly different way of physically standing shoulder to shoulder during mass demonstrations. But what interests me in all the photos is something that is invisible.

Like most moments of great happiness, the recent events in Eastern Europe were unforeseeable. Yet is happiness the right word to describe the emotion shared by millions this winter? Was not something graver than happiness involved?

Just as the events were unforeseeable, so now is the future. Would it not be more apt to talk of concern, confusion, relief? Why insist upon happiness? The faces in the photos are tense, drawn, pensive. Yet smiles are not obligatory for happiness. Happiness occurs when people can give the whole of themselves to the moment being lived, when being and becoming are the same thing.

As I write, I remember leaving Prague by train twenty years ago. It was as if we were leaving a city in which every stone of every building was black. I hear again the words of a student leader, who stayed behind, as he addressed the last meeting. "What are the plans of my generation for this year of 1969? To pursue a current of political thought opposed to all forms of Stalinism, and yet not to indulge in dreams. To reject the utopia of the New Left, for with such dreams we could be buried. To maintain somehow our links with the trade unions, to continue to work for and prepare an alternative model of socialism. It may take us one year, it may take us ten. . . ." Now the student leader is middle-aged. And Alexander Dubcek is the Chair of the National Parliament of his country.

Many refer to what is happening as a revolution. Power has changed hands as a result of political pressure from below. States are being transformed—economically, politically, juridically. Governing elites are being chased from office. What more is needed to make a revolution? Nothing. Yet this one is unlike any other in modern times.

First, because the ruling elite (except in the case of Romania) did not fight back, but abdicated or reneged, although the revolutionaries were unarmed. And second, because it is being made without utopian illusions. Made step by step, with an awareness that speed is necessary, yet without the dreaded, classic exhortation of FORWARD!

Rather, the hope of a return. To the past, to the time before all the previous revolutions? Impossible. And it is only small minorities who demand the impossible. These are spontaneous mass demonstrations. People of every generation, muffled up against the cold, their faces grave, happy, keeping a rendezvous. With whom?

Before answering, we have to ask, What is it that has just ended? The Berlin wall, the one-party system, in many countries the Communist Party, the Red Army occupation, the cold war? Something else that was older than these and less easy to name has also ended. Voices are not lacking to tell us what it is. History! Ideology! Socialism! Such answers are unconvincing for they are made by wishful thinkers. Nevertheless something vast has ended.

Occasionally history seems to be oddly mathematical. Last year—as we were often reminded—was the two hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution, which, although not the first, became the classic model for all other modern revolutions. 1789–1989. It is sufficient to write down these dates to ask whether they do not constitute a period. Is it this that has ended? If so, what made this a period? What was its distinguishing historical feature?

During these two centuries the world was opened up, unified, modernized, created, destroyed and transformed on a scale such as had never occurred before. The energy for these transformations was generated by capitalism. It was the period when self-interest, instead of being seen as a daily human temptation, was made heroic. Many opposed the new Promethean energy in the name of the General Good, of Reason and of Justice. But the Prometheans and their opponents had certain beliefs in common. Both believed in Progress, Science and a new future for Man. Everyone had a personal set of beliefs (one reason why so many novels could be written), but in their *practice*, their traffic with the world, their exchanges, all were subject to systems based exclusively on a materialist interpretation of life.

Capitalism, following the doctrines of its philosophers—Adam Smith, David Ricardo, Herbert Spencer—installed a practice in which only materialist considerations and values counted. Thus the spiritual was marginalized; its prohibitions and pleas were ruled out of court by the priority given to economic laws, laws given the authority (as they still have today) of natural laws.

Official religion became an evasive theater, turning its back on real consequences and blessing principally the powerful. And in the face of capitalism's "creative destruction"—as Joseph Schumpeter, one of its own eminent theorists, defined it—the modern rhetoric of bourgeois politics developed so as to hide the pitiless logic of the underlying practice.

The socialist opposition, undeceived by the rhetoric and hypocrisy, insisted upon the practice. This insistence was Marx's genius. Nothing diverted him. He unveiled the practice layer by layer until it stood exposed once and for all. The shocking vastness of the revelation gave prophetic authority to historical materialism. Here was the secret of history and all its sufferings! Everything in the universe could now be explained (and resolved!) on a material basis,

John Berger's latest book is Lilac and Flag, *a novel, to be published by Pantheon this month.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

open to human reason. Egoism itself would eventually become outdated.

The human imagination, however, has great difficulty in living strictly within the confines of a materialist practice or philosophy. It dreams, like a dog in its basket, of hares in the open. And so, during these two centuries the spiritual persisted, but in marginalized, new forms.

Take Giacomo Leopardi, who was born when our period opened. He was to become Italy's greatest modern lyric poet. As a child of his time, he was a rationalist of the existent and studied the universe as a materialist. Nevertheless, his sadness and the stoicism with which he bore it became, within his poetry, even larger than the universe. The more he insisted on the materialist reality surrounding him, the more transcendent became his melancholy.

Likewise, people who were not poets tried to make exceptions to the materialism that dominated their epoch. They created enclaves of the beyond, of what did not fit into materialist explanations. These enclaves resembled hiding places; they were often kept private. Visited at night. Thought of with bated breath. Sometimes transformed into theaters of madness. Sometimes walled in like gardens.

What they contained, the forms of the beyond stored away in these enclaves, varied enormously according to period, social class, personal choice, fashion. Romanticism, the Gothic revival, vegetarianism, Rudolf Steiner, theosophy, art for art's sake, sport, nudism . . . each movement saved for its adepts fragments of the spiritual that had been banished.

The question of fascism, of course, cannot be avoided here. It did the same thing. Nobody should presume that evil has no spiritual power. Indeed, one of the principal errors of the two centuries concerned evil. For the philosophical materialists the category was banished, and for the rhetoricians of the establishment, evil became Marxist materialism! This left the field wide open for what Kierkegaard called the prattle of the Devil, the prattle that erects a terrible screen between name and thing, act and consequence.

Yet the most original marginalized spiritual form of the period was the transcendent yet secular faith of those struggling for social justice against the greed of the rich. This struggle extended from the Club des Cordeliers of the French Revolution to the sailors in Kronstadt to my student friends at the University of Prague. It included members of all classes, illiterate peasants and professors of etymology. Their faith was mute in the sense that it lacked ritual declaration. Its spirituality was implicit, not explicit. It probably produced more acts of willing self-sacrifice, of nobility (a word from which some might have shrunk), than any other historical movement of the period. The explanations and strategies of the men and women concerned were materialist, yet their hopes and the unexpected tranquillity they sometimes found in their hearts were the stuff of transcendent visionaries.

To say, as is often said, that communism was a religion, is to understand nothing. What counted was that the material forces in the world carried for millions—in a way such as had never happened before—a promise of *universal* salvation. Even if Nietzsche had announced that God was dead, these millions felt that He was hiding in History and that, if together they could carry the full weight of the material world, souls would again be given wings. Their faith marked a road for humankind across the usual darkness of the planet.

Yet in their sociopolitical analyses there was no space for such faith, so they treated it as an illegitimate but loved child, who was never given a name. And here the tragedy began. Since their faith was unnamed, it could easily be usurped. It was in the name of their determination and their solidarity that the party machines justified the first crimes and, later, the crimes to cover up further crimes, until finally there was no faith left anywhere.

Sometimes, because of its immediacy, television produces a kind of electronic parable. Berlin, for instance, on the day the wall was opened. Rostropovitch was playing his cello by the wall that no longer cast a shadow, and a million East Berliners were thronging to the West to shop with an allowance given them by West German banks! At that moment the whole world saw how materialism had lost its awesome historic power and become a shopping list!

A shopping list implies consumers. And this is why capitalism believes it has won the world. Chunks of the Berlin wall are now being sold across the world. Forty marks for a large piece from the Western side, 10 marks for a piece from the Eastern side. On January 31 the first McDonald's opened in Moscow; three years ago the first Kentucky Fried Chicken opened near Tiananmen Square. The multinationals have become global in the sense that they are more powerful than any single nation-state. The free market is to be installed everywhere.

Yet if the materialist philosophy of the past two centuries has run out, what is to happen to the materialist fantasy on which consumerism and therefore global capitalism are now utterly dependent?

Marketing punctuates our lives as regularly and systematically as any prayer cycle in a seminary. It transfigures the product or package being sold so that it gains an aura, wins a radiance, that promises a kind of temporary immunity from suffering, a sort of provisional salvation; the salutary act always being the same one of buying. Thus any commodity becomes a way of dreaming, but, more important, the imagi-

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

MOVING?

Send both your old mailing label and your new address to:

THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion OH 43305

Please allow 4-6 weeks for processing.

PROBLEMS?

If you have any problems or questions regarding your subscription, please write to us at the address to the left, or call:

1-800-669-1002*

8:30 am to 8:30 pm EST

*Please note this number is for subscriber inquiries only.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nation itself becomes acquisitive, accepting the credo of Ivan Boesky addressing students at the University of California's School of Business Administration: "I think greed is healthy. You can be greedy and still feel good about yourself."

According to the eminent economic historian Immanuel Wallerstein, the majority of the human race is probably worse off today than it was five centuries ago. The poverty of our century is unlike that of any other. It is not, as poverty was before, the result of natural scarcity, but of a set of priorities imposed upon the rest of the world by the rich. Consequently the modern poor are not pitied—except by individuals—but written off as trash. The twentieth-century consumer economy has produced the first culture for which a beggar is a reminder of nothing.

Most commentators on the events in Eastern Europe emphasize the return to religion and nationalism. This is part of a worldwide tendency, yet the word "return" may be misleading. For the religious organizations in question are not the same as they previously were, and the people who make up this return are living, with transistors, at the end of the twentieth century, not the eighteenth.

For example, in Latin America it is a branch of the Catholic Church (much to the Pope's embarrassment) that today leads the revolutionary struggle for social justice and offers means of survival to those being treated as historical trash. In many parts of the Middle East the growing appeal of Islam is inseparable from the social conscience it promises on behalf of the poor, or (as with the Palestinians) the landless and the exiled, up against the remorseless economic and military machinery of the West.

The resurgent nationalisms reflect a similar tendency. All independence movements make economic and territorial demands, but their first claim is of a spiritual order. The Irish, the Basques, the Corsicans, the Kurds, the Kosovans, the Azerbaijanis, the Puerto Ricans, the Latvians have little in common culturally or historically, but all of them want to be free from distant, foreign centers that, through long, bitter experience, they have come to know as soulless.

All nationalisms are at heart deeply concerned with names: with the most immaterial and original human invention. Those who dismiss names as a detail have never been displaced; but the peoples on the peripheries are always being displaced. That is why they insist upon their identity being recognized, insist upon their continuity—their links with their dead and the unborn.

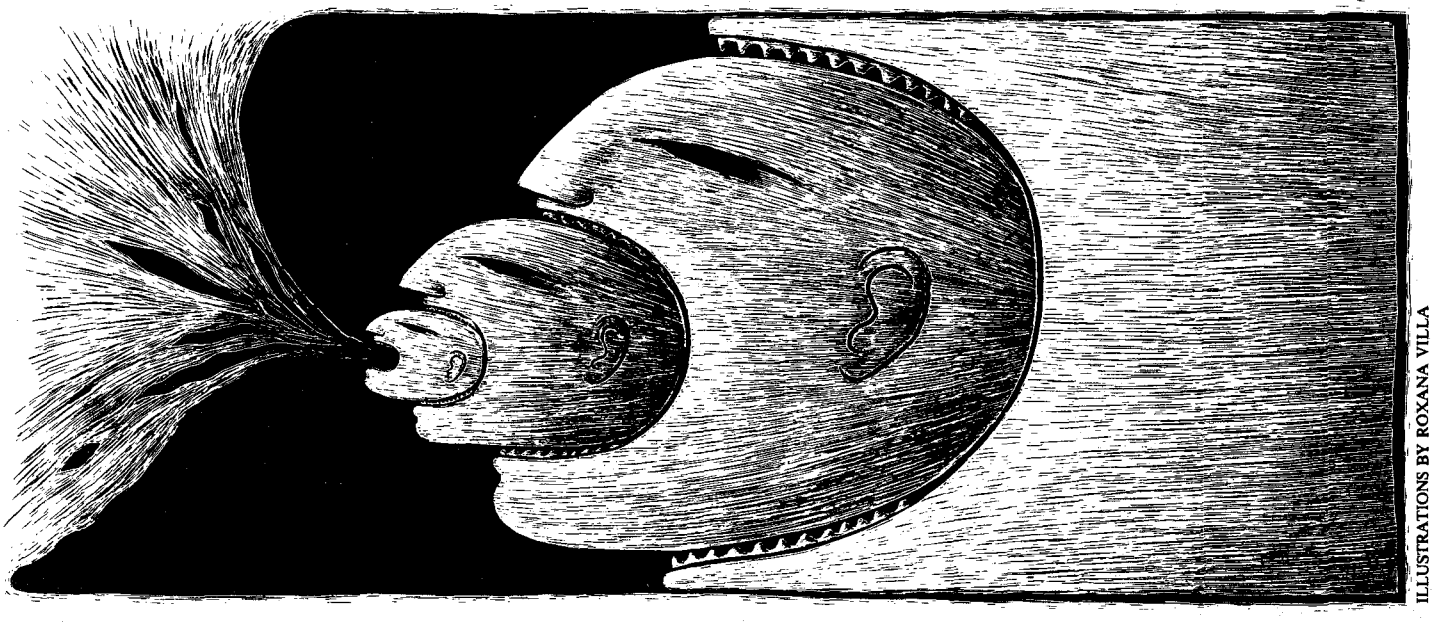
If the "return" to religion is in part a protest against the heartlessness of the materialist systems, the resurgence of nationalism is in part a protest against the anonymity of those systems, their reduction of everything and everybody to statistics and ephemerality.

Democracy is a political demand. But it is something more. It is a moral demand for the individual's right to decide by what criteria an action is called right or wrong. Democracy was born of the principle of conscience. Not, as the free market today would have us believe, of the principle of choice, which, if it is a principle at all, is a relatively trivial one.

The spiritual—marginalized, driven into the corners—is beginning to reclaim its lost terrain. Above all, this is happening in people's minds. The old reasoning, the old common sense, even old forms of courage have been abandoned, and unfamiliar recognitions and hopes, long banished to the peripheries, are returning to claim their own. This is where the happiness behind the faces in the photos starts. But it does not end there.

A reunion has occurred. The separated—those separated by frontiers and by centuries—are meeting. Throughout the period that is ending, daily life, with all its harshness, was continually justified by promises of a radiant future: promises of the new Communist Man, for whom the living were ceaselessly sacrificed; the promise of science forever rolling back the frontiers of ignorance and prejudice; and more recently, the promise of credit cards buying the next instant happiness.

This excessive need of a radiant future separated the present from all past epochs and past experience. Those who



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROXANA VILLA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had lived before were further away than they had ever been in history. Their lives became remote from the unique exception of the present. Thus for two centuries the future "promise" of history assured an unprecedented solitude for the living.

Today the living are remeeting the dead, even the dead of long ago, sharing their pain and their hope. And, curiously, this too is part of the happiness behind the faces in the photos.

How long can this moment last? All the imaginable dangers of history are waiting in the wings: bigotry, fanaticism, racism. The colossal economic difficulties of everyday survival are, in theory, going to be solved by the free market. With such a market comes the risk of new ravenous appetites for money, and with their voraciousness comes the law of the jungle. But nothing is finally determined. The soul and the operator have come out of hiding together. We are back in the human condition.

Against all the unanswered questions, I insist upon the grave happiness recorded in these photos—a happiness such as I never thought to live to see, a happiness that carries the hope of our century, so heavy with its unique experience. □

READER'S DIGEST STORY

Bad Days in Pleasantville

BENJAMIN H. CHEEVER

When I worked at the headquarters of *Reader's Digest* in Chappaqua, New York, every employee was given a turkey on Thanksgiving. One year the Wallaces, the couple who owned the company, found that a turkey was not sufficient expression of their holiday spirit, and we were also given a ham for Christmas. Another time we got the turkey on Thanksgiving and on Christmas we got a check for $250.

There was no turkey last year. And there was no ham. Employees were given a gift certificate worth $10 when redeemed at one of a number of local merchants. This is part of a new hardheadedness that has also resulted in substantial increases in the cost of lunch at the company cafeteria, the ending of a subsidized bus service and the lengthening of the workday by thirty minutes.

We live in the age of the bottom line, and I suppose it would be wrong to expect a continuation of nineteenth-century paternalism in the late twentieth century. But what makes the loss of the turkeys so interesting is that it comes at a time when the top executives of this same company are being treated with the sort of generosity that might have made Andrew Carnegie blush. And Carnegie sold steel. A big part of what these people market is an idea of right and wrong.

Benjamin H. Cheever is currently finishing a novel.

Last December, when The Reader's Digest Association filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission for approval to sell 25 million shares of its Class A nonvoting common stock, even *The Wall Street Journal* was impressed by the financial rewards earmarked for the company's top executive. Patrick Reilly of the *Journal* commented, "[George] Grune, the chief executive, stands to benefit handsomely in the offering. The executive will receive payments totaling about $5.5 million under the terms of an equivalent stock unit plan."

The S.E.C. filing shows that Grune also owns 240,000 shares of nonvoting common stock, currently worth about $5.75 million. The company went public on February 15 with the stock at $21 a share. It is now worth about $24. Grune was paid $1,010,707 in salary and bonuses in fiscal year 1989. He got another $450,000 in bonuses earned in fiscal year 1988 and paid in 1989, according to the filing. Grune also received "performance shares" valued at $860,910 during the 1989 fiscal year. So the total nest egg—stock, salary and various bonuses—comes to well over $13 million.

I was pondering this during a recent trip to the Red Apple supermarket. I know that prices vary from market to market, so I should say that I went to the Red Apple at the corner of 82nd Street and Broadway in New York City. A turkey weighing 11.22 pounds was selling for $15.60. That didn't seem right, so I telephoned *Reader's Digest*. I worked there for eleven years, and I know these people. I asked for Grune, but he was traveling. So I asked for public relations and got Bruce Trachtenberg.

"Why did the company decide not to give away turkeys this Thanksgiving?" I asked Trachtenberg. (I suppose I should call him Bruce. He called me Ben.)

"That, ah, that was just a decision that, ah well, actually it was an opportunity. What we did is we gave, the company gave away gift certificates valued at I believe ten dollars."

"But isn't ten dollars less than what a turkey would have cost?"

"No," said Bruce.

When I asked about new working conditions, he said he didn't think they had been altered. True, the workday had been lengthened, and the bus service from the surrounding suburbs to the *Digest*'s Chappaqua office had been stopped in 1986. But there had been only 350 riders at the time. *Only* 350 riders? Lunch was still heavily subsidized, Bruce said. But lunch used to cost 25 cents. Now it can cost a couple of dollars. And what about the approximately 300 employees offered early retirement in 1986? What about the scores of others who have since left under circumstances unfriendly enough to spark a number of lawsuits?

When I went to work for *Reader's Digest* in 1976 I was fully aware of the public's perception of my chosen employer. But consider my problem: I needed somebody to grow up to be like. I didn't think it was smart for me to try to grow up to be a novelist like my father. He didn't think it was smart either. I knew a number of admirable men who worked there, including a brilliant neighbor of ours. Maybe I could try and grow up to be like him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bella Abzug, Gwen Baker, Safia Bandele, Vinie Burrows, Sarah Harder, Dorothy Height, Marcella Maxwell, Ruth Messinger, Robin Morgan, Letty Cottin Pogrebin, Gloria Steinem, Amy Swerdlow, Meredith Tax, Cora Weiss, Marie Wilson and

Women for Meaningful Summits

Hunter College - Women's Studies Department

and the Center for the Study of Family Policy

invite you to hear from

Leading Soviet Women

Feminists, Lawyers, Trade Unionists, Professors

A People's deputy and a member of the Supreme Soviet

New emerging women leaders

and members of the Soviet Women's Committee

What's up for women in the Soviet Union today

Wednesday, May 2, 1990

7:30pm-9:30pm

Hunter College Playhouse

68 Street (between Park and Lexington)

New York City

Robin Morgan, Moderator

Editor-in-chief, MS magazine

Author, activist

Artist: Susanne Greene

Discussion with entire delegation of 25 women follows presentation.

Everyone welcome. Free of charge.

For information 212 661-2508.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's widely supposed that money is the only reason anybody ever went to work for the *Digest*. Certainly money had something to do with my desire to work for *R.D.*, but it wasn't the only reason. I started out at the copy desk and was never particularly well paid. In fact, I recall a difficult afternoon when I got the printout of salaries of the people who reported to me and found that one of them was earning almost twice as much as I was.

You see, the *Digest* wasn't just a place to work, it was something to believe in. I can hear you falling away in droves, but let me try to explain. Sure the magazine is conservative. *Reader's Digest* had been a booster for the war in Vietnam. Sure, they once sent out American flag stickers to every subscriber and employee. Employees were encouraged to display the flags on their car windows.

The magazine's founder, DeWitt Wallace, believed in the American Dream. But he was also tolerant. A lot of those stickers went into the trash. Besides, while it was easy to find fault with his dogma, it was hard not to respect him for the purity and consistency of his vision. It was difficult not to admire "The Founder." His full name was William Roy DeWitt Wallace, but he asked people to call him Wally. Most everyone I knew called him Mr. Wallace, but I thought it touching that this great man, editor of the world's largest magazine, wanted to be called Wally.

He made an art of civility. After I'd been at the *Digest* only a week, my phone rang. It was the high, reedy voice I'd been told to expect. Mr. Wallace wanted to know if I had a minute. Because if I had a minute, he would like it if I could come down to his office. When I got there the world's most commercially successful editor leaped right up and shook my hand. I talked. He listened. When people listen to me, I often think it has to do with my father, but Wallace was in his late 80s when I first met him, and he didn't seem to make the connection. In fact, he asked what my father did for a living. I said that he was a writer.

"Oh," said Wallace. "It must have been a hard life."

After I'd been at *Reader's Digest* for a year or so, I was invited to lunch with Mr. Wallace, an older editor named John Allen and the representative of a charity that sought Wallace funds.

Allen introduced me to The Founder as "one of our brilliant young editors." This sort of generous overstatement was typical of John. Wallace shook my hand, studied my face and then said, "I don't believe we've met."

"I think we have, sir," I said. Wallace turned violently to the table, clearly dismayed by his failure to remember my name. He was muttering angrily, and I thought I heard him say, "Oh shit."

When I told John about this later, he wasn't surprised that Wallace had been upset about not remembering my name. But he couldn't believe that The Founder would use such foul language. Maybe it was "shucks" he said. It sure sounded like "shit" to me.

After the lunch John told me that I should write Wallace a note telling him what I thought about the charity that I'd seen presented. "He'll answer you," said John. "But don't you write back again. Because he'll feel that he has to answer your second note, and it could go on forever."

So I spent most of the next day phrasing a careful, thoughtful note about the lunch. I was still on the copy desk then, but I had my own personal memo paper with my name on it and a picture of Pegasus, the company symbol. Wallace wrote back on a piece of loose-leaf notebook paper. Most of his notes were written on notebook paper, or on the backs of old envelopes.

Yes, some of Wallace's positions were reactionary. But he had ears; he listened to other points of view (he admired *The Nation*, incidentally). Certainly Wallace was a high-church optimist, and sometimes the facts in *Digest* articles were distorted to support his faith. After the magazine moved into its spanking new $1.5 million Chappaqua headquarters in 1939, the Wallaces decided to keep Pleasantville, the original Westchester County location, as a mailing address. They thought it sounded better.

DeWitt and Lila Acheson Wallace had started the magazine in a basement in Greenwich Village in 1922. They had to borrow $600 to pay for their first mailing. Their idea—which Wallace had tried unsuccessfully to shop around to a number of established publishers—turned out to be practically a license to print money.

Salaries and benefits were legendary, and the profits that couldn't be spent on employees or expansion were plowed back into the community. By 1986 the Wallaces had given away almost $200 million. Ultimately they gave *Reader's Digest* away. They had no children, so they willed the company to a series of philanthropic trusts. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Lincoln Center, Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and the New York Zoological Society all receive funds. So does the Lila Acheson Wallace Bird House at the Bronx Zoo.

The organizations that have received Wallace bequests are too numerous to list: The Boys Club, the Boy Scouts, local hospitals and a hospital in Beirut are a few of them. When the Wallaces were alive there was a wonderful unpredictability to their generosity. When Wallace made out his first check to the fledgling Outward Bound it was for $1 million. And he gave Hubert Humphrey a lot of money. The Wallaces were conservative, of course, but they liked Hubert.

Wallace was always generous to his employees. In 1976 he got up at the company's old-timers' party and said, "Lila and I hate to act impulsively and unilaterally without waiting for the next board of directors meeting. But . . ." He then gave all 3,300 employees a raise. Those making less than $40,000 a year got 11 percent. Those making more than $40,000 got 8 percent. Perhaps this is what George Grune was referring to when he told *The New York Times* in 1986 that he meant to continue in the Wallace tradition, but that he was not as willing as they had been to leave things to chance. "I have a

THE NATION ASSOCIATES

Nation Associates are committed supporters of *The Nation* who donate what they can annually to help keep *The Nation* a strong, independent voice. Associates receive "The Nation Associate" newsletter, announcements of special events and discounts on selected books. We invite you to join The Nation Associates and support *The Nation*.

For information: Sandra Zickefoose, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to "Nation Associates."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

penchant for planning," he said. "Doing things well means doing things according to goals and objectives."

I wonder what objectives the Wallaces achieved with a surprise raise? And why they rewarded more liberally the people at the bottom of the heap?

When the new administration took over in 1984, Grune became chair and chief executive officer, Richard McLoughlin became vice chair and William Cross, since retired, became president and chief operating officer. Kenneth Gilmore became editor in chief. Over the short term their tenure has been extremely profitable for the organization and for themselves.

The S.E.C. filing shows that McLoughlin, now president and chief operating officer, got $466,067 in salary for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1989. His bonus was $258,000. Editor in chief Gilmore got $349,267 in salary and $168,000 in bonuses. Both men were also given stock deals on a smaller scale but similar to that enjoyed by Grune. Besides this, the S.E.C. filing outlines a complicated schedule of compensation that insures that whatever the future brings, it will not bring poverty to the top men at *R.D.*

The company itself is much more profitable. But much of the profit represents savings, not earnings. In 1986 the circulation base of the domestic edition was reduced from 17 million plus to just over 16 million to save on fulfillment costs. When I was there, the *Digest* was also reducing its editorial staff. (No, I wasn't fired. Nor am I involved in any way in any legal dispute with my former employer.) I remember going to the company bookstore with another editor and having him point out that there were more employees selling greeting cards to other employees than editing any particular issue of the magazine. And revenues from the magazine itself have fallen. Last year its operating income was $61.6 million. In fiscal year 1988 it was $65.9 million.

I'm aware that what's going on at *Reader's Digest* seems harmless when compared with big corporate shuffles like the one at RJR Nabisco. But the *Digest* is a publishing company. People read the magazine. These people vote. They raise families. It matters what they think. And I believe it also matters what is being thought by the people who put out the magazine. The men at the top were editors in the old days. They thought that the words in their magazine mattered. Now the men at the top are businessmen, who see the magazine as just another product.

But people still read this product. The S.E.C. report boasts, "Today, 39 editions of *Reader's Digest* in 15 languages are read in every country in the world by an estimated 100,000,000 people each month. United States circulation is more than 16,000,000 and worldwide circulation is approximately 28,000,000."

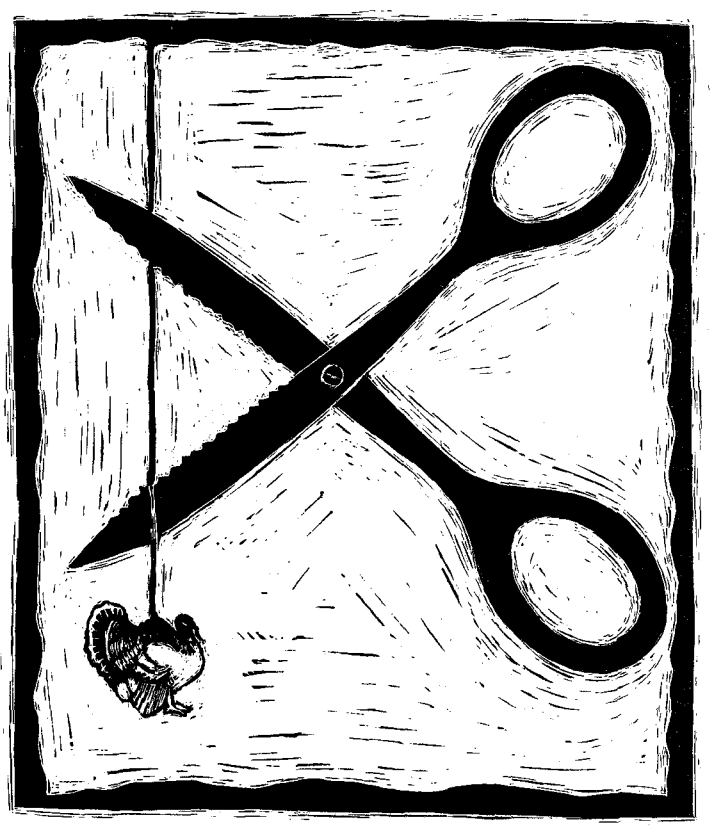
They don't read it in Japan anymore, however, or in Spain. Both editions have been closed to save money. I don't know what these cutbacks meant to the publishing communities in their countries, but I do know what they did to the workers. Healthy Japanese companies rarely fire anybody. So when the Japanese editors of *Reader's Digest* were fired, they were in disgrace. It was widely supposed that they had done something terrible. It's bad, of course, not to make a profit, but it's not terrible. Driving to work in Chappaqua one morning, I saw a line of Japanese standing at the end of the driveway with signs protesting the treatment of workers in Tokyo. The Japanese haven't forgotten something Mr. Wallace always knew: The worker has a dignity that goes well beyond his or her immediate ability to turn a buck.

There have been other, domestic cutbacks as well. Most writers are paid much less. The educational division has been closed. It was losing money, of course, but it wasn't started to earn money. It was just another way the Wallaces had of paying back the community that had made them so rich.

And what's all this money being saved for? The charitable funds will get some of it, and will benefit from the sale of stock. But does it make sense to squeeze the employees in order to give more cash to Lincoln Center? Management has given a variety of reasons for cutting costs; one of the prime reasons was that the money was being saved in order to keep the company from having to go public—to keep it owned by the charitable trusts the Wallaces had set up. "We plan to maintain the Digest as a private company," Grune told the *Times* in 1986. Four years later he took the company public.

Now management says that the tax laws will not allow the funds to continue to own more than 50 percent of the company's voting stock after the year 2000. Besides which, if the company has to be sold, couldn't all of it be sold to the employees? Old-timers have told me that this was Wallace's original plan. And do the tax laws insist on a generous compensation for the top executives? What does the I.R.S. have to say about surprise raises—or turkeys?

The story of how the new management group won control in 1984 is a fascinating one. John O'Hara had been president and chief executive officer, sharing power with editor



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSCRIBING TO OUR PRINCIPLES ISN'T ENOUGH.

You should be subscribing to our magazine, too.

Because week in and week out *The Nation* brings you the likes of Katha Pollitt, Edward Sorel and Christopher Hitchens in every issue.

They're not only some of the best writers and illustrators around—they do their best work for us.

The Nation.

YES! I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR MAGAZINE, TOO. Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a saving of 64% off the newsstand price and 18% off the regular price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a full refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ My payment is enclosed.

☐ Please bill me later.

For new subscribers only.

Foreign surface postage: add $7/24 issues. Air Mail rates available upon request. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

THE NATION, BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

D0E1S-4

in chief Edward Thompson. Mr. Wallace had died. Lila Wallace was extremely ill. It was crucial to the incoming management that the old guard be out before she died, because O'Hara and Thompson were trustees of Lila's stock and executors of her will. It was a squeaker. Both were fired in time. The appointment of the new top executives was announced on the very day that Mrs. Wallace died.

Fortune ran an article titled "Intrigue Behind the Ivy at *Reader's Digest*" in June 1984. When writer Roy Rowan asked about the timing of the new appointments, he was told it was a coincidence. But Rowan wasn't convinced. So he noted that Grune himself had touched on the subject at an employee gathering. "'You could call it a strange coincidence,'" Grune said. "'But you could also look at it another way. Suddenly she saw the sun shining on the *Digest* and felt relieved.'"

Maybe, but when I think of what's happening in Chappaqua, I'm more inclined to remember one of the favorite sayings of William Roy DeWitt Wallace. "The dead," he liked to say, "carry with them to the grave in their clutched hands only that which they have given away." ☐

EAST GERMANY'S LEFT

Dashed Hopes for A New Socialism

PETER ROSSMAN

The opening of the Berlin wall on November 9 signaled not only the beginning of the end of the German Democratic Republic but the simultaneous collapse of many of the left's most cherished illusions. East Germany, incorporating the historical heartland of German social democracy, with its rich tradition of Marxist theory and working-class struggle, seemed of all the countries of the Soviet bloc the one most likely to produce a mass socialist opposition.

It was the persistence of the socialist tradition that effectively isolated East Germany from the increasingly conservative trajectory of Eastern European "dissent" in the 1980s. The explosive growth last fall of groups like New Forum, all of which spoke of a radical renewal of socialist democracy, suggested that East Germany's decaying Stalinism would be superseded by a left alternative rather than by a headlong rush into capitalism.

The massive victory for the conservative Alliance for Germany in the March 18 election dashed all hopes of an imminent socialist revival. But the stunning upset at the polls was much more than an enormous personal triumph for West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl. The electoral rebuke to the East German Social Democrats (favored by the pollsters in January to gain an absolute majority, they garnered a

Peter Rossman is editor of Across Frontiers. *He recently returned from several months in East Germany.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scant 22 percent) was a harsh reminder of the West German Social Democrats' historically ambiguous relationship with the Honecker regime and of the vagaries of current S.P.D. policy in the West.

The election also capped the marginalization of the "citizens' movement" that helped guide the revolution last fall. That movement was the first to call for free elections at a time when Kohl's East German protégés were still voicing support for the ruling Socialist Unity Party (S.E.D.). With 3 percent of the vote, New Forum and its allies have been consigned to the political wilderness.

New Forum activists invariably attribute the eclipse of the independent left to the massive intervention of the well-financed West German parties. "The West German hippopotamus trampled the tender shoots of East German democracy," lamented New Forum leader Jens Reich the day after the elections. True enough, the moment the wall was breached, it became open season in East Germany for both Social Democrats and Kohl's Christian Democrats (C.D.U.), who swarmed over the border distributing copious quantities of bananas, beer and bratwurst at Western-style political rallies. An inexperienced and penniless opposition was in no position to compete.

More to the point, the Western parties came east as living symbols of a successful welfare-state capitalism that embodied the desire of a majority of East Germans for an end to party and police dictatorship, a higher standard of living and "no more socialist experiments." Wedded to the notion that the German Democratic Republic remained "the better of the two German states," the opposition belatedly and only halfheartedly recognized the legitimacy of the popular demand for reunification. Not until January of this year did New Forum begin to grapple with the reunification question, and by then it was too late. The nationalist juggernaut, first set in motion last fall by Willy Brandt and the S.P.D. and subsequently taken up with a vengeance by Kohl, simply passed it by. The opposition had forfeited any effective role in shaping the terms of the unification debate.

New Forum's popularity last fall, when masses of demonstrators chanted slogans in support of the new organization, was genuine but ephemeral. The rapid collapse of the Honecker regime left the Christian Democrats no time to distance themselves from their former Communist allies, and the recently founded East German Social Democrats were still searching for an identity. New Forum was catapulted willy-nilly into prominence as the only credible political force in the country; for an instant, the entire nation looked to it for leadership. By year's end, the organization had thousands of members, and chapters in virtually every city. But New Forum's leaders were overwhelmingly drawn from the depleted ranks of the East German intelligentsia, and their political preoccupations proved to be quite distinct from those of the bulk of the population.

The erection of an impermeable wall between working class and intelligentsia may in fact prove to be East German Stalinism's most lasting achievement. The mass demonstrations of October and November initially seemed to be chipping away at the old social barriers. "The greatest thing about the Monday demos," a young student in Leipzig told me last December, "was the tremendous solidarity between intellectuals and workers here. For the first time in our lives, there was a genuine feeling of euphoria."

The euphoria proved short-lived, however. The gap between the classes quickly reopened, and the Monday demos grew steadily smaller, degenerating into a ritual spectacle for Western political tourists and right-wing skinheads. The opening of the wall under mass pressure, the realization of a long-cherished dream for the citizens of East Germany, was immediately condemned by New Forum's leading spokespeople. Bärbel Bohley and Jens Reich were fearful that Western consumerism would "corrupt" the population, now free to travel; others lamented that the opening of the borders would derail the reform process.

This sentiment was by no means restricted to New Forum. Activists in a variety of other groups told me at the time that they shared these misgivings but considered it impolitic to express them publicly. The opposition's political decline can be precisely dated from these remarks.

"No Westerner can understand the kind of political schizophrenia that prevails here," explains Reinhard Weisshuhn. An architect by training, Weisshuhn began his long career in the opposition under the influence of dissident Marxist Robert Havemann and is today active in the Initiative for Peace and Human Rights, a small group that was allied with New Forum and Democracy Now in the electoral pact Alliance 90. "I hated this place and everything about it—the repression, the lies, the phony ideology. I chose to stick it out here and work for change, even after my wife went west five years ago. All my life I dreamed of the day when the wall would come down, but the minute they opened it, I knew the revolution was over."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The revolution was far from over, however, and successive waves of mass protest extracted a series of concessions from the tottering regime: abandonment of the S.E.D.'s constitutionally guaranteed "leading role," public access to the news media, round-table negotiations, free elections and the dissolution of the dreaded security police, the "Stasi." What was over was simply the illusion of a separate East German path to socialism, which by definition was dependent on the continued existence of the wall.

New Forum's stubborn refusal to constitute itself as a political party proved equally fatal. The collapse of the S.E.D. and the state apparatus left a political vacuum that the opposition might have filled, but they repeatedly refused to make the transition to a membership party willing to bid for political power, remaining instead an amorphous organization led by an increasingly fractious cluster of intellectuals accountable to no one.

At December's round-table negotiations, the opposition sat by helplessly as the government stonewalled on every major demand emanating from the streets. The round table came to be widely perceived as a fig leaf for continued Communist rule, but the opposition lacked the self-confidence to call for the resignation of Prime Minister Hans Modrow. Unwilling to govern, New Forum abandoned the job to others.

Into the breach stepped Helmut Kohl, who intuitively grasped the vast potential for an eastward expansion of the Christian Democratic right. All the West German parties had long since abandoned their token commitment to reunification, and both the C.D.U. and the S.P.D. had verged on active hostility to the tiny democratic opposition in the East. The Social Democrats' *Ostpolitik* had been built on accommodation to the East bloc status quo, and after Brandt's attempt to revive the S.P.D. as the party of national unity, it was not terribly difficult for Kohl to beat the Social Democrats at the nationalist game.

Kohl seized the political initiative with his ten-point plan for reunification, issued on November 28, and he raised the stakes again in early February by advocating immediate monetary union. Overnight, the East German elections were transformed into a referendum: immediate political and economic union, for or against.

By late January the opposition had reluctantly abandoned its search for what it called an independent "alternative to Western consumerism," but precious time had been lost. The continuing mass exodus of citizens to the West and the disastrous state of the economy meant that reunification was no longer a question of if but when. New Forum and its allies correctly stressed the social costs of unification but found no way to overcome their social isolation and encourage the kind of social organization required to defend against the onslaught of the West German mark.

Demoralized by the relentless intervention of the Western parties, the opposition chose to make its last stand in the working groups of the round table. The period from January through March saw the opposition churning out lengthy drafts of a proposed new constitution, supervising the dissolution of the Stasi and drafting an impressive "Social Charter." The charter, ratified by the last pre-election Parliament, spelled out an extensive list of social rights (the right to work, the right to living quarters, women's and children's rights, guaranteed abortion, etc.) and was intended as a bargaining lever in constitutional negotiations over the shape of the future German state. Increasingly on the defensive as the vote approached, the opposition failed, however, to communicate this program clearly to the electorate. Reduced by the election results to a tiny minority in Parliament, it now lacks the social and political muscle to campaign effectively in defense of these rights, and the copious body of paperwork seems destined for the wastebasket.

It would be both inaccurate and unfair to blame the opposition entirely for its present quandary. For decades, East German oppositionists labored under conditions of repression and surveillance that the Western left can scarcely imagine. Hermetically sealed off from the population, they can hardly be faulted for being unfamiliar with the needs and desires of the masses, or for speaking a different language. Deprived of political experience in a country that for decades knew no politics, they displayed enormous courage and imagination, and, especially in the turbulent months of September through November, their efforts aroused international admiration.

The responsibility for the election disaster lies squarely with four decades of Stalinist rule, which has so demoralized and depoliticized the people of East Germany, and above all the working class, that flight toward the deutsche mark rather than social self-organization was widely seen as the country's only salvation. The massive vote for Kohl and his Eastern proxies was above all a collective vote of no confidence in East Germany's ability to find its own route to a democratic reunification.

Kohl has temporarily solved "the German question" in a way that leaves all questions open. The "united German fatherland" will prove more elusive than the facile election slogans implied, and Kohl's bills are already coming due. The would-be "Chancellor of all the Germans" has retreated on his promise to exchange savings at the rate of one-to-one, and statements dribbling out of Bonn suggest that the timetable for instant reunification may have to be revised. Impending privatization threatens mass unemployment, and pensioners and tenants view with increasing anxiety the expected repeal of subsidies.

Ever the electoral opportunists, the West German S.P.D. under Oskar Lafontaine has been simply waiting for Kohl and the Christian Democrats to self-destruct, while failing to project any vision of its own. This was precisely the strategy pursued by the East German Social Democrats, and it backfired with a vengeance.

Now that the wall is gone, democrats and socialists East and West need to eliminate the wall in their heads. Coming to grips with the disastrous legacy of Stalinism is an essential step in this process. The recent expansion of the East German Party of Democratic Socialism (the born-again successor to the S.E.D.) into the Federal Republic, and the alarming willingness of large numbers of West German Greens to throw in their lot with it, suggest that politi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cal thinking continues to lag seriously behind the rapid pace of events.

The East German opposition continues to focus its efforts on throwing up last-ditch roadblocks to reunification. Yet with the two Germanys soon to be united, the German left has an unparalleled opportunity to push the process of European integration in a democratic direction. Given its preponderant economic and political weight, Germany will have a decisive say in whether post-cold war Europe can elaborate peaceful alternatives to the military blocs, come to grips with the global eco-crisis and encourage the growth of democratic trade unions in the East while reviving long-dormant democratic impulses in the West, frozen in suspended animation by four decades of cold war. □

Stevenson

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

it gave Hoover the potential to ruin Stevenson.

At the time Stevenson entered the bureau's files, he had disavowed any interest in the 1952 Democratic presidential nomination (his name had been promoted after Harry Truman announced he would not run for re-election). But because no clear choice emerged from the ensuing primaries and state conventions, an open national convention was assured when the Democrats assembled in Chicago in July. Governor Stevenson gave an electrifying welcoming address, moving liberals as well as the Chicago Democratic machine to join in a campaign to draft him. On July 24 Stevenson allowed his name to be placed in nomination, and the next day he won the support of the delegates.

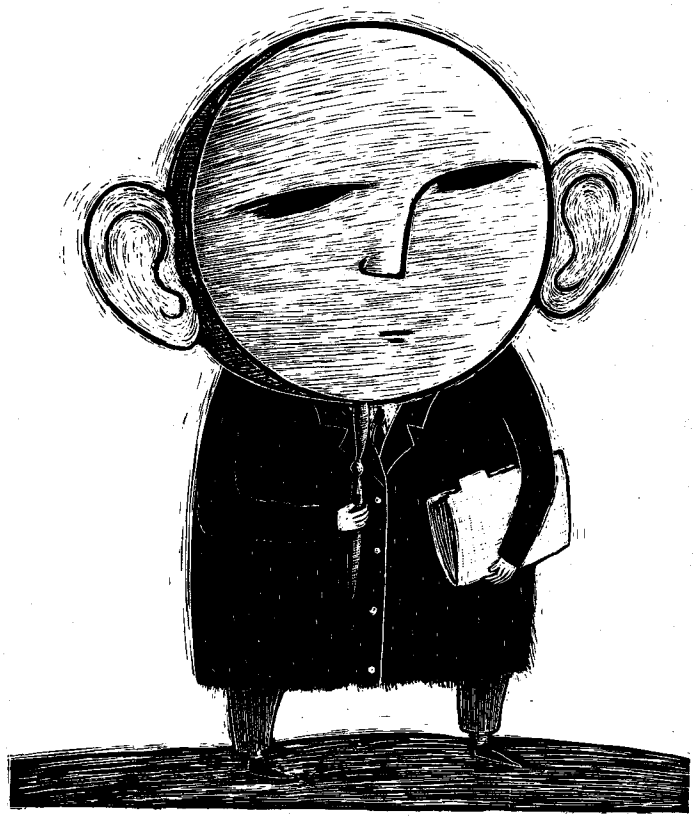
When Stevenson's name first surfaced as a possible Democratic presidential nominee in April, the F.B.I.—in what was standard practice—prepared a thirteen-page summary memorandum for Hoover listing whatever personal and political information it had compiled on the Governor. And on the very day in July that Stevenson announced his willingness to run, bureau officials prepared yet another memorandum, this time nineteen pages long and including the allegation of homosexuality.

Even after Stevenson lost the election in November, the file continued to burgeon. Later that month a former F.B.I. agent advised Hoover that Stevenson "was homosexual." The director personally thanked him for this intelligence and placed a copy of the informant's letter in his private file. Stevenson again lost to Eisenhower in 1956, but the folder was still growing as late as December 1961, when an F.B.I. agent in South America reported that Stevenson, during a visit to Lima, Peru, had taken a particular interest in the Peruvian Museum of Archeology's "collection of highly pornographic Inca statuettes." Whether this panting fascination was homo- or heterosexual, the documents do not reveal.

The bureau's summary memorandums were, in essence, nonrecord records. They were not serialized in the F.B.I.'s central records system, nor were they labeled "files" or "investigative reports." This semantic distinction allowed the F.B.I. director to refute any charge that his agency investigated, maintained files on or prepared and disseminated reports about Stevenson—or any other prominent politician, for that matter. Thus Hoover could safely monitor the activities of anyone he chose and be assured of deniability.

This precaution proved helpful to the bureau at least twice. The FOIA documents disclose that in August 1952 Democratic National Committee officials suspected that Guy Hottel, the head of the bureau's Washington, D.C., field office, was "spreading word that Stevenson was a 'queer'; that the F.B.I. had a file on him." Bureau officials moved quickly to squelch this story by formally interviewing Hottel and then preparing a report of his categorical denials that he knew of any F.B.I. "file" on Stevenson or that he had been present at the time and place when the allegation had been made. What use was made of this report is difficult to say because much of the information in the documents has been withheld. However, James McGranery, then the Attorney General, was indirectly apprised that the story about Hottel was false.

The second instance was potentially more serious. On January 19, 1953, the last day of Truman's presidency, Donald Dawson, one of Truman's administrative assistants, told Hoover's White House liaison he had "heard that the Bureau had investigated Adlai E. Stevenson and desired to obtain copies of the reports." On Hoover's direct order, Dawson was informed that "the Bureau had not conducted



Athan Theoharis is co-author of The Boss: J. Edgar Hoover and the Great American Inquisition *(Temple University Press). This article is excerpted from* The Secret Files of J. Edgar Hoover, *which will be published by Twenty-First Century Books.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an investigation [of Stevenson] in recent years and that, if it was desired, a further check would be made into the old records." The documents show that, had Dawson pressed the matter, Hoover would have told him that the F.B.I. had investigated Stevenson in 1937 at the time he applied for an appointment in the Justice Department. But Dawson was satisfied, said a further check was unnecessary and thanked the bureau for "checking into this matter."

The FOIA documents make it clear that the bureau was willing, if not eager, to play a partisan role in both the 1952 and 1956 elections. On August 29, 1952, Hoover received a "personal and confidential" "informal" memorandum from Louis Nichols, an assistant director of the bureau, in yet another of the bureau's slippery reporting procedures. Nichols briefed his boss on his recent meeting with Milt Hill, a former Washington-based reporter who had been hired by Republican National Committee chair Arthur Summerfield to "do the official Republican biography of Governor Stevenson." Hill had met recently with Orval Yarger, a former agent who, after retiring from the bureau, had worked for the purchasing department of the State of Illinois.

Yarger was offering Hill damaging information on Stevenson, but only on the condition that his association with the bureau not be disclosed. The information, not spelled out in detail in the FOIA documents, alleged corruption and sexual "deviance." Hill urged Nichols to get someone to investigate the corruption charges, but Nichols pointed out that, alas, the U.S. attorneys "are Democrats."

Hill also reported to Nichols Yarger's allegations that "some years ago . . . Stevenson was arrested on a morals charge [in New York City], put up bond, and elected to forfeit." Yarger also told Hill that Stevenson's homosexuality was the real reason his wife divorced him. Both allegations, in fact, were already recorded in F.B.I. files; it is unclear, however, whether Yarger had learned of them independently or through contacts in the bureau. Nichols's memo on his meeting with Hill—and on a subsequent one—does not record how he responded to Hill's request for bureau assistance in preparing his "biography" of Stevenson. It seems logical, though, to assume that Nichols gave Hill a copy of the F.B.I.'s nineteen-page summary memorandum on Stevenson.

There are no extant F.B.I. records detailing specific assistance bureau officials may have provided Eisenhower operatives during the 1952 presidential campaign. This is true in part because Hoover kept such information in his two secret files; the more sensitive one was destroyed on his orders by Helen Gandy, the director's administrative assistant from 1918 until he died in office in 1972. There may be no records, but we do know of at least one time when Hoover personally retailed the homosexuality rumor. In 1961 he told John Seigenthaler, then a special assistant to Attorney General Robert Kennedy, that Stevenson was a "notorious homosexual."

Furthermore, F.B.I. officials' willingness to be drawn into a partisan campaign was revealed at least twice in 1956, in response to requests from then-Deputy Attorney General William Rogers and Vice President Richard Nixon. In late September, Rogers asked Nichols if the F.B.I. had a "criminal record" on an individual whose name the F.B.I. has withheld from the FOIA documents. Rogers's interest, as reported by Nichols, stemmed from the fact that the previous week Democratic presidential nominee Stevenson had attended a picnic at this individual's estate in Annandale, Virginia. Nichols did honor Rogers's request, but we cannot evaluate the specific information provided because the F.B.I. has withheld the two and a half paragraphs that reported on this individual.

In late October one of Nixon's secretaries, Dorothy Donnelly, contacted Nichols on behalf of the Vice President to request background information on two Stevenson campaign aides whom Nixon had been told were or had been Communists. Nichols urged Donnelly to "check with the House Committee on Un-American Activities as well as the *Daily Worker*." However, Nichols's refusal to communicate F.B.I. information to Donnelly does not mean that he did not personally brief Nixon. He could have given this information only to Nixon in order to avoid extending knowledge of the F.B.I.'s helpfulness, for Nichols had his aides prepare a five-page summary memorandum on the two campaign aides. The name of one has been withheld but the second was Stevenson's speechwriter William Willard Wirtz, later Secretary of Labor in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. This summary memorandum reported in great detail the derogatory allegations compiled by the F.B.I. on these individuals' character and political activities. Although the bulk of this information has been withheld, one of the unredacted paragraphs reveals that in December 1953 Hoover provided President Eisenhower's aide Sherman Adams "background" information and copies of nine F.B.I. reports on Wirtz.

The Stevenson disclosures highlight once again the degree to which, by the 1950s, the F.B.I. had emerged as an autonomous agency preoccupied with questioning the loyalty of and tracking "un-Americans." Moreover, the fact that Hoover monitored so mainstream a politician as Stevenson clearly documents that one purpose of F.B.I. surveillance activities was political containment, and that F.B.I. officials were easily able to circumvent the safeguards seemingly assured by a system of government based on accountability. Of course, not only politicians had reason to fear. The bureau's special "Sex Deviate" index, for example, enabled Hoover to respond to a November 1970 request by President Nixon for a list of "homosexuals known and suspected in the Washington press corps," as well as "any other stuff."

At this late date, it is easy to be jaded about these revelations, to dismiss them as unique to the long and shameful reign of J. Edgar Hoover. But the bureau was still abusing its powers in the 1980s, as its secret investigations of the Committee in Support of the People of El Salvador (Cispes) and the Library Awareness Program make clear. The F.B.I. may no longer be the caldron of witch hunters it was in the 1950s, but it is still a police agency with many dark corners, and this raises doubts about the vigor of existing Congressional and executive oversight. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Too Good to Be True

DANIEL SINGER

AGAINST THE GRAIN: An Autobiography. *By Boris Yeltsin. Summit Books. 263 pages. $19.95.*

This is the rather flattering self-portrait of a populist leader who has already traveled quite far: Boris Yeltsin, once a protégé of Mikhail Gorbachev, is now his main, and very resentful, rival. Produced with the help of a ghostwriter, the journalist whom the author thanks in the introduction, the book recalls the quickies published in the United States to boost the chances of a presidential hopeful. It is not quite a rags-to-riches story, since Yeltsin made a successful second career as the scourge of the privileged, but the subtitle could have been *From Shack to Kremlin*. Elected last March to Russia's Parliament and spoken about for the presidency of the Russian Republic, he is now obviously aiming for the very top.

He did start at the bottom. He was born in 1931 on a farm in the Sverdlovsk region of the Urals, but four years later his father went to work on a construction site because the family could not make ends meet. For the next ten years they lived in a crowded wooden hut, a communal building without any amenities. Poverty did not prevent the bright but boisterous Boris from getting excellent marks at school. He was good at games as well; a volleyball champion, he trained six hours a day. He nevertheless graduated brilliantly in civil engineering from the Urals Polytechnic Institute and did very well in his trade. At the age of 32 he was the manager of a house-building combine employing several thousand people. Then, switching to party work, he climbed that ladder just as successfully. By the end of 1976 he was the first secretary of the industrially important Sverdlovsk region, and he remained the local viceroy for the next nine years, or until the end of the so-called age of stagnation.

With *perestroika* came his rise on the national scale, his sudden fall and his even more spectacular recovery. In 1985 Gorbachev, having taken over, called him to the capital. Yeltsin became a member of the national party secretariat and was put in charge of construction; that December he replaced Viktor Grishin as party boss for Moscow. It was in that position that he gained his reputation as the purger of the apparatchiks, the enemy of corruption and privilege. He also approached the seat of supreme power, becoming a candidate member of the Politburo. His stay at the very top, however, was short-lived. Feeling that Gorbachev did not back him in his trial of strength with Yegor Ligachev, the leader of the conservatives, Yeltsin wrote him a letter of resignation in September 1987. The rest is public knowledge. A month later, at a dramatic session of the party's Central Committee, Yeltsin was crushed. In November he was dragged from a hospital bed to attend a session of the Moscow organization that kicked him out of his job. He was also removed from the Politburo.

But things are not what they used to be. Opponents are no longer liquidated in the Soviet Union. Yeltsin, though down, was not quite out. He remained a member of the Central Committee and Gorbachev offered him a job of ministerial rank in Moscow (as deputy head of the building commission). Stunned by the first serious setback in his career, Yeltsin gradually recovered and began a comeback. At the special party conference in the summer of 1988 he climbed the rostrum and delivered another attack on privilege. Yet the really sweet revenge came in March 1989 during the first elections to the newly established Congress of People's Deputies. Yeltsin picked the star contest, the huge Moscow constituency, and he crushed the candidate of officialdom by obtaining 89.6 percent of the votes cast. (Indeed, the book is built around this triumphal election, each chapter beginning with some reflections during the campaign and then proceeding in flashbacks.)

It is not only a success story, it is an edifying one. The man is virtue personified. The two defects he admits—being "prickly and obstinate"—can be viewed as a strength: He is stubborn enough to be unyielding. Otherwise the man is almost perfect. He is not only a sportsman and a scholar; he is a devoted husband and a loving father and grandfather who cannot spend enough time with his family because he works twenty hours a day, claiming a "total dedication" and an "insistence on high standards, and constant checking of work." Even on his birthday he does not celebrate: "I would have spent the day doing something useful, and thus have given myself a birthday present." The man is just too good to be true.

But this is, after all, that kind of a book. Its only difference from its American counterparts is that it was produced for foreign consumption, as if, jealous of Gorbachev, the author wanted to build up his international reputation. The book was published simultaneously in a dozen Western countries, but it has not yet appeared in Russia. Yeltsin, who toured Europe selling the book, offered a simpler explanation on French television: A book dealing with members of the Politburo must have that body's approval before publication; *glasnost* has not yet gone that far but it soon may.

What do we learn in this plea *pro domo sua* about the issues at stake and about the man climbing to the summit? In Yeltsin's version, the 1987 crisis was brought about by his refusal to be Gorbachev's yes man as well as the latter's reluctance to back him in the struggle against Ligachev and "the party's bureaucratic machine, that holy of holies of our system." When Yeltsin dared to criticize his proposed speech for the seventieth anniversary of the revolution, Gorbachev became "almost hysterical," and when he received Yeltsin's letter of resignation, he procrastinated. Yeltsin was thus driven to bring matters to a head at the dramatic session of the Central Committee, and an incensed Gorbachev then masterminded the political massacre. Indeed, a vain, vindictive and pusillanimous Gorbachev gradually emerges as the villain of the story.

Yet between the lines you can decipher another interpretation. Yeltsin, as he himself admits, moved up the Moscow ladder unopposed because he was treated as a "Gorbachev man"—and a very ambitious one at that. He stresses the fact that he had been the first secretary of Sverdlovsk, a more important region than Gorbachev's Stavropol, and adds, "But he had been promoted to the rank of the general secretary of the Central Committee. I think Gorbachev knew this was on my mind, but neither of us gave any sign of it." One can guess that the ambitious

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s Europe correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newcomer wanted, at least, the place of second-in-command. He also tried to dictate the pace of events and the hour of confrontation with the conservatives. When Gorbachev, who had his own plan of battle, would not listen, Yeltsin simply precipitated things . . . and got slaughtered. Gorbachev let Yeltsin's enemies have their fun and the campaign, particularly the witches' trial at the Moscow party meeting, was ugly and reminiscent of the Stalinist past. The victim, clearly, has neither forgotten nor forgiven. The skilled politician, judging by these pages, is now driven not only by ambition but also by a thirst for revenge against Gorbachev.

Are the two men separated by their attitude toward inequality? Yeltsin did build his reputation as the stern critic of perks, and the most interesting pages in this book are those describing the privileges of the party aristocracy: "special hospitals, special vacation retreats, the excellent Central Committee canteen, the equally excellent service for home delivery of groceries and other goods, the Kremlin telephone system, the free transportation." All this is for the nobility. For the real princes, the sky is the limit, or, as Yeltsin wittily puts it, at the top of the pyramid "it's full communism! . . . A dacha behind a high green fence encircling spacious grounds along the Moscow River, with a garden, tennis courts, and playing fields, a bodyguard under every window." He himself, as a candidate member of the Politburo, had "three cooks, three waitresses, a housemaid and a gardener with his own team of assistant gardeners."

Compared with the standard of living prevailing in the country, this is undoubtedly shocking. On closer reading, however, the indignation is less convincing. Yeltsin accuses Mikhail and Raisa Gorbachev of having public *dachas*. He would not mind if they had private *dachas*, as in the West. He thus shows both his ignorance (Bush, Mitterrand and Thatcher also have public "*dachas*" at their disposal) and his bias. On his recent American journey, overwhelmed as he was by the American supermarket, Yeltsin was unable to distinguish between the accumulation of joys and the joy of accumulation. This bias, however, is also politically understandable. The populist leader is now the ally within the so-called Democratic Platform of the "meritocratic" intelligentsia, which is not against privileges as such, only against those of the apparatchiks. Hence, probably, the shift in his position.

Indeed, the reader has a sneaking suspicion of maneuvering all along. Yeltsin was certainly the victim of the police and a section of the propaganda machine. Yet his own explanations about, say, how he was pushed from a bridge into the river but told the police to hush the whole thing up are not always very convincing. Even more troubling is the passage about Pamyat, the reactionary and anti-Semitic association. Yeltsin was often accused of having received its leaders when he was party chief in Moscow. Here he describes the circumstances under which he decided to do so. Whether one agrees with his choice is a matter of taste, but what is perturbing is that he does not seize this opportunity to dissociate himself from any form of Russian jingoism. He gives the impression of being a populist who would hate to lose any bloc of potential votes.

The impression is reinforced by the absence of policy proposals in the book. Yeltsin says nothing serious about Stalinism, but that, after all, was not his time. The lack of any analysis of the Brezhnevian society within which he prospered is more problematic: Would it have functioned adequately had there been many more Yeltsins? In the last pages, where he tries to mix theory and program, the author is not at his best. To argue that the acceptance of private property will, among other things, bring to an end "the alienation of the state from the individual and his labor" is rather strange coming from somebody who claims to have been trained in Marxism. But then, Yeltsin now suggests that Russia is the last country "trying to enter the twenty-first century with an obsolete nineteenth-century ideology," presumably Marxism.

The hitch with Yeltsin is that it is difficult to pin him down to any ideology or line. One cannot accuse Gorbachev of lacking any long-term strategy and fail to provide even the rudiments of an alternative. The attack on Gorbachev is not a substitute for policy. The root of the evil in *perestroika* is not that Mikhail and Raisa, who love luxury, want to have a public *dacha* rather than a private one. A book is only a book. Judging by this one, Boris Yeltsin has the political skill but not the intellectual and moral stature of his ultimate ambition. □

Prague Wellspring

JOHN CLUTE

Until the dawning of 1990, it had been a long death for Karel Capek. His heart had broken the moment Neville Chamberlain left Munich in 1938, and his body, wracked from adolescence by a spinal disease, succumbed to pneumonia by the end of that year of dread for Czechoslovakia, the land of his birth and his career and his deepest loyalty. Within a few months the Germans were in Prague and his writings were banned; he was to remain virtually unpublished in his own country for half a century. English translations of his plays like *R.U.R.* (1920) and eccentric novels like *War With the Newts* (1936) were mostly awkward, and stumbled over the nervous quickness of his best work, turned its sometimes fevered lucidity into gobble. He was dust in the mouth; like Czechoslovakia, Karel Capek seemed irrecoverable.

This has, of course, begun to change. Like Atlantis lifting its long spine from the coils of a dead sea, Czechoslovakia itself has once more become visible at the very heart of the Continent—"the spiritual and intellectual crossroads of Europe," as Capek said (not, perhaps, very memorably) in one of his last pieces, written to introduce a desperate anthology of essays advocating (too late) the preservation of the country. That piece now reappears as the final item in *Toward the Radical Center: A Karel Capek Reader*, published in the United States this year to mark the centenary of his birth. Edited with considerable care by Peter Kussi and including a number of badly needed new versions of works long to be found only in dumbfounding translatorese, this moderately ample volume brings the voice of Capek back to life. The voice of the book is the voice, once again, of a live writer in a live land; one of the varieties of death is undone.

Capek's career was swift and to the point. He was born in Bohemia in 1890, on the outskirts of an Austro-Hungarian Empire declining spasmodically toward rigor mortis. The spectacle must have been educational, and he never failed to

John Clute's most recent book is Strokes: Essays and Reviews 1966–1986 *(Serconia Press). He writes frequently for the* Times Literary Supplement *of London and* The Washington Post.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

show a lithe, almost zany ambivalence about authority, a sense that the governments of the world were inherently phantasmagorical—his compatriot Franz Kafka must also have learned much from everyday life in the prison-house grip of Vienna's dying bureaucracies. By the age of 18 Capek was publishing stories written with his brother Josef (none have yet been translated into English); by the end of World War I he had taken a Ph.D., written several volumes' worth of tales and stood poised to celebrate in his native tongue the creative exhilaration of a free Czechoslovakia. Within a year he had written *R.U.R.*

Most authors can be read, and should be read, at a normal walking pace; some, like Walter de la Mare, must be read at half speed to avoid a certain disjointedness; others, like Capek, seem to sizzle on the page and must be kept up with. Like everything else Capek wrote, *R.U.R.* reads fast. On an island in the Pacific, Rossum's Universal Robots have been manufacturing what are now called androids—organic creatures in human shape—and exporting them worldwide as slaves. Helena Glory arrives to harangue the "robots" about freedom, which they do not understand at first. Every human on the island falls promptly in love with the daft maiden, she marries the boss, ten years pass in the blinking of an eye, the robots of the world rebel and in a fit of inexplicable remorse Helena destroys the formula that makes them; everyone dies offstage except one human researcher and a few sterile robots, two of whom, Primus and Helena, fall in love though neither has sexual organs. The play ends in a camped Tolstoyan prate about life. *R.U.R.* engages with moral turpitude and stupidity and despair and sterile decay and death. Played correctly—at vaudeville speed—it is utterly hilarious. Lessons about humanity, and omens of a dark future, dance flickeringly across the stage, and are made to glitter as well through the new translation by Claudia Novack-Jones in *Toward the Radical Center*; it is the first time sense has been made of this play in English.

The same may be said of the new version of Act Two of *From the Life of the Insects* (1921), Josef and Karel Capek's joint masterpiece of the stage, which has been translated for the *Reader* by Tatiana Firkusny and Robert T. Jones. Raw, pell-mell and finally available in unexpurgated form, it presents organized human society as a literal vaudeville, with the main roles played by insects not much less horrific than those that haunted Kafka (but rather funnier). Just as scathingly, *The Makropulos Secret* (1922), a virtuoso scherzo into the arms of Death, only seems to skirt the horrors its immortal heroine must inevitably embrace (the new translation, by Yveta Synek Graff and Robert T. Jones, finally unveils the manic clarity of Capek's stagecraft in this stunning "comedy"). The savagery of the plays—their sense that the world we live in balances delicately over an abyss—also surfaces in the fiction Capek produced during this early postwar period, a time of slowly growing political stress as old realities began to shape the new Europe, and Czechoslovakia itself, though freshborn, began to seem balanced over an abyss. Only in a few stories—"The Footprint," for instance, or the superbly claustrophobic "Money"—do moments of terrified repose occur. Nothing from *Krakatit* (1924), perhaps Capek's darkest and most hallucinated novel, appears in the *Reader*; but Kussi has avoided extracts in general (*Krakatit* is not, in any case, a book that can readily be excerpted), and the new versions presented of some short fiction amply attest to the mood within the bone.

IN THIS REVIEW

TOWARD THE RADICAL CENTER: A Karel Capek Reader. *Edited by Peter Kussi. Catbird Press. 416 pp. $23.95. Paper $12.95.*

THREE NOVELS: Hordubal, Meteor, An Ordinary Life. *By Karel Capek. Catbird Press. 480 pp. Paper $13.95.*

WAR WITH THE NEWTS. *By Karel Capek. Catbird Press. 240 pp. Paper $9.95.*

In 1921, at the age of 31, Capek joined the Prague newspaper *Lidové noviny*, and for the rest of his life he channeled enormous amounts of work through its pages. He was made art director of the National Art Theater in Prague. He befriended the President of Czechoslovakia, T.G. Masaryk, and became a public man, one of those who tell the time but have none. It is a story that, to President Vaclav Havel's clear discomfort, has repeated itself in 1990.

A decade passed. Capek had written some short stories of worth, reams of journalistic copy, hagiography addressed to his beloved Masaryk and travel books; but no novel, no play worth serious attention. What happened to him at the beginning of the 1930s seems impossible to know, but suddenly Capek produced, in *Hordubal* (1933), *Meteor* (1934) and *An Ordinary Life* (1934), a stunning, mortuary trilogy of novels which are accounted by some to be his central achievement. Translations by M. and R. Weatherall were published in England before the war, and have now been released in one volume as *Three Novels*. The book is less an omnibus than one tale in triplicate, three ways of looking at the one thing that cannot be seen: the "real" soul of another person (or oneself). The illiterate Hordubal returns from America to his smallholding and his wife, and is soon murdered; but forensic knowledge of the method of the crime only buries more deeply the irremediably vacant Hordubal, who could not read, who could not be read. In *Meteor*, three conflicting tales jostle against one another, all claiming to tell the life of a dying pilot; yet while each makes a coherent story according to the laws of narrative, none can be entirely true. And in *An Ordinary Life*, Old Mr. Popel looks back over his life, seeing it as an arbitrary selection of stories he has told himself, realizing that other stories might have led to another Old Mr. Popel. In the end, *Three Novels* provides only one message of any security: Stories may lie but we must tell them. There is nothing else.

The three novels are tales of relativity, lessons in the contingency of brute fact, and they tell much about the mental condition of Karel Capek, a Czech patriot in a world of insulting absolutisms. As the 1930s darkened toward catastrophe, a kind of wizening pallor began to show in his work, as though it required all the energy he possessed merely to continue writing. In this light, the comparative frailness of *War With the Newts* seems a sign not of weakness but of solitude. Even refreshed for the English-speaking reader by Ewald Osers' recent translation and lightened by the *feuilleton* style in which it was written for *Lidové noviny*, the prognosis for humanity suggested by the book glows only with an ashen veracity: A race of large, strong, docile newts from the South Pacific becomes, like Rossum's robots, a new proletariat in the service of humanity. But they are humorless, devoted, hysterical creatures, and a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hitler among them soon organizes the raising of the oceans for Lebensraum, and humanity dies off. In the new world of the Newt Reich, there can be no room for small, amusing fauna.

Neville Chamberlain left Munich waving his bit of paper and the waters began to rise upon Czechoslovakia, and Capek died. For half a century it hurt to read him. There was only one small consolation available from the time of his death, a tiny joke, an ironic quirk. In March 1939, when the German tide rose finally over Prague, a newtlike squad of thought police descended upon Capek's house. They had come to arrest him. But the bird had flown.

Today, he has returned. □

What Is to Be Said?

ALAN DAWLEY

CONTESTED TRUTHS: Keywords in American Politics Since Independence. *By Daniel T. Rodgers. Basic Books. 270 pp. Paper $9.95.*

WORKING-CLASS AMERICANISM: The Politics of Labor in a Textile City, 1914–1960. *By Gary Gerstle. Cambridge University Press. 356 pp. $39.50.*

The 1980s stand out as a decade of unusual mendacity. Looting the public treasury was justified in the name of private enterprise, murderous mercenaries were called "freedom fighters" and no distortion was spared in slandering the "L" word. It is no wonder, then, that during those years some historians gave up on the ordinary language of American politics and took to analyzing the deep structures of mental domination. They lashed themselves to one post or another—poststructuralism, postmodernism—and set out on the high seas of deconstructionist theory. Instead of the meaning of power, they pondered the power of meaning. Instead of asking What Is to Be Done? they wondered What Is to Be Said?

Contested Truths, by Daniel T. Rodgers, offers a more useful, accessible and optimistic analysis of political language. From a philosophical base in American pragmatism, Rodgers examines American political ideas from the Revolution to the New Deal, running through a succession of "keywords" that dominated public debate—Natural Rights, the People, Government, the State, Interests. To understand these terms, he argues, it is necessary to know who is doing the talking. The key is not what was said but how language was *used*, not the text but the social context. Rodgers's "contested truths" are ideas that must be tested against experience.

Thus he attacks the notion associated with historians such as J.G.A. Pocock that there was a great paradigm shift from public-spirited republicanism in the eighteenth century to market liberalism in the nineteenth century. Instead, he argues that the momentum of the Revolution—with its liberating talk of rights and popular sovereignty—carried well past midcentury, while a "counterrevolution" made by preachers, lawyers and political scientists talking of government and the state got under way at the same time and triumphed after the Civil War. Finally, the twentieth century settled on the politics of interests built around groups like business and labor.

Rodgers traces the idea of natural rights from its origins as an insurgent attack by colonial lawyers and merchants on the British imperial establishment to its enthronement as a legalistic defense of the status quo by the victors in the Revolution. But that is not the end of the story. Natural rights was transformed once again by mid-nineteenth-century social movements into demands for the rights of workingmen, women and slaves.

Rodgers is at his best in tracking these ironic twists and turns. Anyone familiar with the early twentieth century is likely to have noticed the shifting uses of the term "interest." To Progressive moralists, "the interests" were heinous private conspiracies against "the public," while to New Deal realists, "interest groups" were the very marrow of public policy making. But no one before Rodgers has tracked the extraordinary transmogrification of the former into the latter or told with such cunning "how a mud-stained term of opprobrium swallowed up the whole of politics."

Even so, the case for American open-endedness is stretched too far. The oscillations between liberal talk of individual rights and conservative talk of duty to the state were less extreme than the swings of European politics. Exclusions based on gender, race and class get short shrift. There is no examination of how the very definition of "the public" set limits on power, for example, in the way the nineteenth-century doctrine of "separate spheres" excluded women from state power. In short, the book would have benefited from some discussion of the way the dominant culture set the limits on political opposition. Call it hegemony, or legitimacy, or even consensus; it cannot be ignored.

Working-Class Americanism, by Gary Gerstle, is a second attempt to break free from the paralysis of the 1980s through a study of language. Using a methodology rooted in historical materialism, Gerstle carefully grounds his study of political ideas in the evolution of twentieth-century society. Although he is one of a half-dozen scholars of twentieth-century industrial communities who follow the path laid out by social historians studying the nineteenth century, he uses the method with striking originality to tackle the thorny question of Americanism.

Known as "the most French city in America," Woonsocket, Rhode Island, was home to a large and cohesive body of Québécois immigrants who arrived in the late nineteenth century to toil in the city's burgeoning woolen mills. Stubbornly parochial, they lived in patriarchal families, were dominated by conservative Catholic clergy and were wedded to the francophone battle cry *Je me souviens*. They had a well-deserved reputation for being among the most quiescent workers in the land.

That makes all the more remarkable what happened in the 1930s. Weaned from the corporatist clergy by mass culture, the Québécois grew angry when employers broke faith in the Depression. By the time of the textile general strike of 1934 they were ready to join the Independent Textile Union, which would go on to become a leading force in the city for the next two decades. Like so many other ex-peasant industrial workers, they were an immovable object one day and an irresistible force the next.

The most striking thing of all is that, for a time, the French Canadians followed union leaders who were their cultural opposites. At the helm of the I.T.U. were resolutely cosmopolitan Franco-Belgian radicals, who were steeped in En-

Alan Dawley is professor of history at Trenton State College and the author of Transforming Powers: American Society From Progressivism to the New Deal *(forthcoming from Harvard University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lightenment values and socialist ideals. Somehow they learned to translate their transcendent version of the new society into the American idiom of "industrial democracy," which enabled them to induct the French Canadians into the modern world of trade unions and citywide Democratic politics.

Needless to say, Americanization from the bottom up did not sit well with Yankee-Protestant elites. The last thing the Yankees wanted was for radical trade unionists to do the job of Americanization. But there was nothing they could do to stop the union from transubstantiating the most hallowed icons of American culture into symbols of class-conscious struggle. Union leaders quoted Jefferson and Lincoln on the rights of labor and counterposed American democracy to employer tyranny. A massive Labor Day parade in 1937 displayed a Liberty Bell crowned with the slogan "Liberty for all workers."

It is not hard to infer the lesson—only by speaking an American idiom could radicals become the leaven in the mass. Since the point is confirmed by the experience of Debsian Socialists and popular-front Communists in dozens of places, there is nothing to quarrel with here. But Gerstle goes a step further to argue that Americanism is an open-ended set of ideas, a "contested truth," if you will, which is susceptible to control by the left as well as by the right. This is a little harder to accept.

It is important to distinguish between Americanization as a process and Americanism as an ideology. Although Gerstle does not give enough attention to family and gender issues, no one has done a better job of telling the story of immigrant acculturation to the American environment. Americanization was the precondition for the organization of polyglot workers along class lines and for their entrance into the realm of public debate.

Americanism is another matter. Present in some form since the Revolution, it received a great boost during World War I and then was cranked up a notch in the Red Scare to become the ideological antagonist of Bolshevism. The fact that the deck of Americanism was stacked with nativism, anti-Communism, superpatriotism and a few other jokers should make one think twice about picking it up. Earl Browder's worthy effort to Americanize the Communist Party during the popular front only looked ridiculous under the slogan "Communism is the Americanism of the twentieth century." To say Americanism can mean anything you want is to enter Alice's Looking Glass.

In the end, the French Canadians of Woonsocket found the conservative version of Americanism more to their liking. In a fit of patriotic fervor at the end of World War II they deposed their radical union leaders. The federal government played a major role in this turnabout by pushing pluralism as the American Way. Since pluralism meant social harmony between Yankee elites and immigrant workers, and between labor and capital, it made the struggle for industrial democracy seem unpatriotic. Gerstle traces this fateful reversal in some of the most insightful pages in this unusually insightful book, but it cuts against the grain of his argument.

As Gerstle and Rodgers make clear, political renewal will have to speak the language of the American political tradition, not the Russian or the Romanian. It is also true that under certain circumstances, nationalism has played a progressive part. As an anti-imperialist force it has been on the side of liberation in dozens of cases, including the American Revolution. But in the long sweep of history it has more often been the vehicle of tribal hatred and brutal warfare and has been the inseparable companion of nation-states and national markets.

If the experience of the 1930s is any guide, organizers of the 1990s should look to popular and radical traditions as opposed to nationalistic ones. In fact, stripped of the patriotic patina, that is what working-class radicals were doing in Woonsocket and elsewhere. They translated political democracy into a demand for industrial democracy, invoked Jefferson as a universal patron of free speech and demanded "liberty for all workers," all the while drawing on the language of progressivism, populism and socialism.

That does not mean the wellsprings of tomorrow's renewal lie in yesterday's politics. Sexual and racial equality did not figure prominently in the movements of the 1930s, yet surely they will be important in the future. We will also witness the appearance of socialism with a green face as well as environmentalism with a red face. But the beauty of both pragmatism and historical materialism is that, unlike structuralism or deconstruction, they contain the built-in ability to track the way ideas change and are changed by an evolving society.

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills.

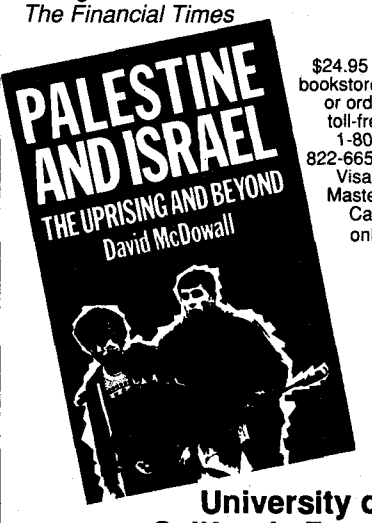
Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a *new* language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Norwegian, Swedish, and many others.

Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p. catalog, or write:

AUDIO-FORUM®
Room M530, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

"A masterpiece:
by far the most penetrating and comprehensive analysis of the Palestine problem that I have read....If any book can contribute to clearer discussion of this tragic and intractable issue, at a time when it is definitely back on the international agenda, this is surely it."
--Edward Mortimer,
Foreign Affairs Editor,
The Financial Times



$24.95 at bookstores or order toll-free 1-800-822-6657. Visa & MasterCard only.

University of California Press
Berkeley 94720

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When all is said and done, America's redemption from the Age of Mendacity will depend on popular movements willing to speak truth to power. "The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious, but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself." Ecclesiastes knew that lies can't last forever. Fortunately, these scintillating books provide valuable clues to some of the truths that might take their place. □

Jessica Mitford: An Interview

LAILA WEIR AND
CRISTINA MARTIN

Q: What circumstances do you think may have influenced you and your sisters to rebel?

JESSICA MITFORD: Oh God. That's one of the things that I am always asked and I can't really say. I'll tell you what I think, actually. To me, it wasn't what's known now as sibling rivalry. I mean, there were too many siblings to be rivals, in a way. I think it was more what was happening in the world outside. You have to sort of imagine ancient history, to you, which is the 1920s and 1930s—a long time ago. The things that were happening were the rise of fascism abroad and the tremendous unemployment at home. . . . So I think, and you can judge this against your own experiences, the thing that motivates you to be interested in issues is not so much where you were born and who your parents are, as the spirit of the times, what's happening around you, that sort of thing. . . .

Q: A lot of people, especially little girls, often wish that they were princesses, lords and ladies, and such. Did you ever feel any gladness or pride in your station?

JM: Actually, I rather disliked life at home. I found it extremely boring. There's nothing like being bored to send you into other places. I loved reading. We had no education; we never went to school or anything, which I really would have loved to do but my mother didn't believe in girls going to school. My brother did, of course. We were seven children, six girls and a boy. Anyway, I rather disliked living at home and wished to run away, which I soon did.

Laila Weir is 13 years old and in the eighth grade; she currently does homeschooling in Mill Valley. Cristina Martin is 13 years old and in the eighth grade at Aptos Middle School in San Francisco. This interview is excerpted from their magazine, The U.S. Sun & Travel (Vol. 2), *which they produce with Sarah Weir and Jessie Landl, who are 10 years old, and Peter Weir, who is 8.*

Q: Which of your sisters, do you think, most sympathized with your need to get out of that situation, and to run away?

JM: Nobody did. Nancy, the eldest sister, was a socialist, but on the other hand she was rather disloyal when I did run away, and then she sided with the parents, and for a long time I was very much on non-speakers with her.

Q: Which of your sisters is your favorite sister now?

JM: My favorite sister is my sister Debo, the youngest, who is now the Duchess of Devonshire. I always see her when I go to London. She keeps writing things and she's getting to be a jolly good writer. She's totally uneducated. She's the only one who never read anything except the sporting news; she adored racing. And now she's become a writer in her own right. . . .

Q: Do you think she or your sister Pamela more wished to follow your example to be a writer?

JM: Pamela? Pamela was hopeless; she can't write for anything. She's totally illiterate, actually. I remember that she couldn't spell at all. . . . She was divorced years ago from her husband, who was very rich, and once I met her in Italy and she was complaining about being poor. And I said, "Have you ever thought of working?" So she said, "Well, not really. However, I have a great deal of typewriting paper left over from the divorce settlement, and as you and Nancy have made such a success of your books I thought I'd write a book on it." So I said, "Good for you." I mean, having the paper is half the battle. So then, months later, I wrote, "How's your book coming along?" And she wrote back, "To tell you the truth the weather has been so cold I haven't started it."

Q: In what ways did your sisters regret your running away?

JM: There was a great deal of coldness, is all I can say, for years and years.

Q: Were they unhappy because you had run away or because you had done such a scandalous thing to the family?

JM: I think both, actually. I think you've got those right. It was considered extremely daring at the time. . . .

Q: Did you ever regret running away?

JM: No.

Q: A question about writing. Do you think that your upbringing and the fact that you met various writers influenced your writing at all?

JM: Well, you know, I didn't start writing until I was really very old. I think my first book was published when I was about 43. Say, you will be published probably in the next few years. But it took me a very long time. I was always sort of an action person, not interested in writing until I found that there was nothing else I could do. In the McCarthy era I was kind of blackballed, you know, from any kind of possible job, and anyway what job could I have done? I wasn't good at anything; I had no skills or education; I thought the only thing to do was to write, which doesn't require any education or any skills except a pencil and a bit of paper. . . .

Q: Do you have any advice for young writers?

JM: Yes. I'll tell you what it is. Write every day. Every single day. Do you write letters a lot? I think the doing it is the thing. I'll tell you what I do. In the morning, I write letters, you see, first thing, in the A.M., as a sort of warm-up for the real work of the day, which would be writing that you've got to do on books, articles or whatever. I can't think of anything except writing to help you write.

Q: Would you advise young people to become writers, and if so, why?

JM: Not if they want to have a living, but to do it if they have to. I don't think writers do it in hopes of anything much except pleasing themselves and their close people, friends; that's how I started, anyhow. It never occurred to me to be a writer until very late in life. . . .

Q: This is the last question. How do you compare your schooling at home with the experience your children had going to school?

JM: That's a very good point. You see I was dying to go to school; it was my dream to go to school but my mother wouldn't let me. I longed to go to university; I thought that would be bliss, you know. So when my children were born in California, I thought they would go to school, and the whole of civilization, of the world, would be opened up to them, for their pleasure and their instruction. It wasn't a bit like that. They went to Oakland schools, and they had a stupid time. I was expecting the schools to educate them, which they didn't. However, they got to college eventually. But they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hated school and I don't blame them. Do you like your school?

L AND C: No. Not very much.

JM: Well. . . . Oh, I was going to say, "Run away!" Don't! Sorry! Strike that! Please don't put that in! See, the point is, when my children went to school they had no time to read because they were always doing homework, which was so stupid. I had endless time to read. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

Aspects of Love
Lettice and Lovage
Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

Theoretically, I do not like Andrew Lloyd Webber. His PR image is only slightly more appealing than Ivan Boesky's. Nor do I much like his kind of musical, which aims at a seamless operalike score, with long stretches of recitative delivered in doggerel verse. But I must allow as how *Aspects of Love* represents a high-water mark for this emerging and still nameless genre, whose antecedents include *Sweeney Todd*, *Les Misérables* and most of Webber's own work. Musical comedy it's not, nor is it operetta. *Faux*-opera, perhaps, though that sounds pejorative. Indeed, it's hard for those who've enjoyed opera greatly to approach *faux*-opera with anything but contempt. My companion at *Aspects of Love* was entirely dismissive (as he had been after seeing *Les Miz*).

And there is much that may be dismissed. The program declares there to be seven separate songs in Act I, but they register as a mono-tune that varies in volume and vocal coloration but never seeks or offers closure. *Faux*-opera orchestration tends to be very thin, obvious or syrupy; at no point in *Aspects* does the orchestral component possess an independent intensity or musical interest (as against the production design by Maria Björnson, which does have a kind of life of its own). Webber indulges his singers, especially tenor Michael Ball, with lots of opportunities for unearned applause—big loud high notes delivered straight to the spotlight.

All these qualities of *Aspects*, and of *faux*-opera in general, account for the way Webber (and Sondheim, et al.) are dismissed by opera buffs, but can't account for his success with the public. *Aspects* does one thing quite well: It tells a good story with exceptional speed. In most operas the music serves to slow down the narrative process. Arias become occasions for meditations, or worse, as so often in Wagner, for lengthy exposition. An interpolated ballet may serve as an unofficial intermission. *Aspects*, by contrast, moves as fast as an Indiana Jones movie. The orchestra is used like a soundtrack to provide a pulse and propel the action. Against this aural backdrop the voices deliver four-beat variations on the basic mono-tune, four beats being the natural meter of ballad verse.

Capable versifiers can produce an endless flow of doggerel in this meter once they get going, and that's just what lyricists Don Black and Charles Hart have done. To my mind they are the heroes of the evening. Musicians themselves, they've given Webber a text that seems to anticipate his scoring; the fit of text to music is so natural one can, after a while, forget the music. Black and Hart avoid the deadly banality of so many of *Les Miz*'s verses, and they eschew the jingling cleverness that is sometimes Sondheim's undoing. David Garnett's novel seems to have *glided* into verse form.

It isn't a novel everyone would like, being an account of worldy-wise people changing sexual partners with grace and good manners, until one of them is faced with a possibility that tests the sexual community's perfect permissiveness. Danielle Du Clos, as 14-year-old Jenny Dillingham, plays the limit-case nymphet of the drama with delectably gawkish grace, and seems certain to be a Tony contender. So does baritone Kevin Colson as her father, who ages from a middle-aged bon vivant in Act I to a pathetic erotic retiree in Act II with a quaver in his voice such as only English actors of a certain age know how to quaver. The romantic leads, Ann Crumb and Michael Ball, seemed comparatively generic in their performances, but then so was the music they were given to sing. Trevor Nunn did all a director can do.

The set was lavish, and yet subdued—an odd combination. The one dance number represented a wake. Even for those who like *faux*-operas, *Aspects of Love* will come across as a somber affair, and probably not a wise investment for those who go to musicals looking for fun. But it will probably earn Andrew Lloyd Webber more millions and confound his enemies.

HOW TO JEOPARDIZE A PERFECTLY GOOD FRIENDSHIP.

Give someone you care about a gift subscription to *The Nation*.

In all likelihood, the recipient will get just as enraged, worked up and aggravated about the issues the magazine covers as our regular subscribers do.

That's because *The Nation* covers those issues with a critical spirit and an independent perspective that set us apart from other publications. Which isn't surprising, since it's written by such original thinkers as Alexander Cockburn, Kirkpatrick Sale and Frances FitzGerald.

And politics isn't all we cover. Our subscribers also enjoy our writing on the arts, which is of such extraordinary clarity and intelligence that it alone is worth the price of a subscription.

So maybe you should give *The Nation* as a gift after all.

Just be sure your relationship can stand it.

The Nation.
Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.

YES! I THINK MY RELATIONSHIP CAN TAKE IT. Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $15 for the first gift and $12 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO (Please print)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
GIFT FROM (Your name)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Enclosed is $_____for_____subscription(s).
☐ Bill me later.

Foreign surface postage: add $7/24 issues.
Air Mail rates available upon request.
Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION OH 43305

LD0E1S-5

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lettice and Lovage is the second British import of the Broadway season that seems destined for commercial success. Designed by Peter Shaffer as a vehicle for the reigning grande dame of the London stage, Maggie Smith, it is that rarest of commodities, a comedy both genteel and consistently funny in a range from droll to hilarious. The plot is simple: Two women in late middle age meet, quarrel, fall in love and, in lieu of having sex, design for themselves a *folie à deux* that resembles in its bizarre intricacy the divine madness of the hippocidal hero of *Equus*. But while the key signature of *Equus* was D-minor and its tempo largo, *Lettice and Lovage* comes across as C-major and allegro andante. For her services as a straightwoman Margaret Tyzack is allowed a quota of spotlit glory all her own, and Paxton Whitehead ditto, but on a much smaller scale.

Shaffer's art is similarly self-effacing, to the degree that, though he may be accounted one of Britain's four most foremost playwrights, his name appears beneath Smith's and Tyzack's in the program, in an emblematically reduced type size shared with Whitehead. And truly, it is Maggie Smith one pays to see and, years hence, to have seen and to be able to say so. In that regard, and because the play is as wholesome as a summer pudding, *Lettice and Lovage* would be an ideal summer-vacation treat for youngsters 12 and older, who, fifty years hence, will be able to maunder fondly about having beheld the great and inimitable Maggie Smith in one of her signature roles.

Maggie the Cat and her husband, Brick, the protagonists of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, are characters who might well be the villains of another play. Except for their fading good looks, neither has many redeeming virtues. The tensions of being a homophobic homosexual have turned Brick into a taciturn alcoholic, a situation that has made his wife desperate, since she sees Brick's anticipated inheritance slipping away. In a play in which characters constantly inveigh against greed and mendacity, Maggie may well be the greediest and most mendacious of the lot. Her big moment comes when she lies about being pregnant in order to confound her brother- and sister-in-law's plan to inherit all of Big Daddy's estate. What keeps the audience rooting for her and Brick are two unexamined moral axioms: (1) that articulate, good-looking people are more deserving of inherited wealth than those with less couth; and (2) that homosexuals *should* be closeted, and even coerced into parenthood, for tactical or testamentary purposes.

The first of these axioms may be rooted in human nature. Don't we all assume that the Prodigal Son was better looking than his stay-at-home brother? The second proposition may have become less self-evident but probably not among Broadway audiences, for whom Maggie the Cat is an unproblematical heroine facing a tragic dilemma, i.e., an unresponsive husband. As Maggie, Kathleen Turner seems constrained and uncomfortable, and only part of the blame can be assigned to her well-publicized $1,000 Patricia Zipprodt slip. Daniel Hugh Kelly as the Brick wall against which she must beat her head is persuasively dense and sullen, becoming vivid only in his moments of violence. Charles Durning is an imposing Big Daddy, but I can't imagine any actor of a certain girth not doing well in the role. *Cat* is one of those Southern dishes that is unimaginable without some ham in it.

Williams claimed that this was the favorite of all his plays, not so much for its message but because it observes the classic unities of time, place and action. Scene by scene and speech by speech it is a model of craftsmanship, and only someone inoculated against vicarious pleasure could fail to be caught up in the events on the stage even in this imperfect (the supporting cast of comic villains are all done too broadly) rendition. William Dudley's set is serviceable, and the lighting design by Mark Henderson includes a fireworks display that sometimes upstages the actors. But the whole play is less than the sum of its parts, and I would rate it well below the season's earlier Williams revival, *Orpheus Descending*. □

GOING ON

On the hollow night a small hand
taps just once. It is our child,
whose eyes reflected me, a tiny mote
but in those eyes a giant man.
A heart beats, and all the world
surges in my breast. Then, the stillest
way a hand can be and still be,
it lies there in mine.

Easy world, you gave it once—
please quietly welcome it back,
that hand.

William Stafford

FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover
Crazy People
Santa Sangre
Q & A

Albert Spica doesn't know much, but he knows there's a connection between sex and food. It's the sort of Freudian tidbit of which a gangster—or any upwardly mobile lout such as Albert—may feel proud. Similarly, he's proud of owning an elegant restaurant, Le Hollandais, and an elegant wife, Georgina, and abuses them both—for their own good, of course. Fat, sputtering, violent, vain, Albert is the bogeyman with whom Peter Greenaway tries to frighten the audience in *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*. As portrayed by Michael Gambon, Albert is the businessman as Mafioso, the arts patron as self-indulgent boor, the husband as brutal, moralizing proprietor. He's pure evil. He is also the film's only source of vitality.

Throughout such works as *The Draughtsman's Contract*, *The Falls* and *Vertical Features Remake*, Peter Greenaway has combined a rather literary wit with a studious, almost didactic cinematic style. In *The Cook*, you notice his artifice at once, as two uniformed figures—ushers, perhaps—part a curtain to reveal the opening tableau. The camera moves from a nocturnal blue parking lot to the cavernous green kitchen of Le Hollandais, then to its plush red dining room, then the stark white toilet. As Georgina (Helen Mirren) passes from one color-coded setting to another, her costume miraculously changes to suit the decor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time is similarly turned into a pattern. *The Cook* takes place over the course of a week, with each day's passing (save one) marked by a close-up of the restaurant's menu.

Though the framework is elaborate, the events taking place within it are fairly simple. Albert feeds and rants and bullies. Meanwhile, Georgina catches the eye of Michael (Alan Howard), a man who sits quietly at a nearby table. You know he's good because his table is piled with books. Without a word, Georgina and Michael meet in the toilet, grope, get interrupted by Albert (but not discovered, not yet). Soon, with the aid of the Cook (Richard Bohringer), Georgina is having an affair with Michael, using the only area of freedom available to her: a succession of pantries, which she visits on the pretext of going to the toilet.

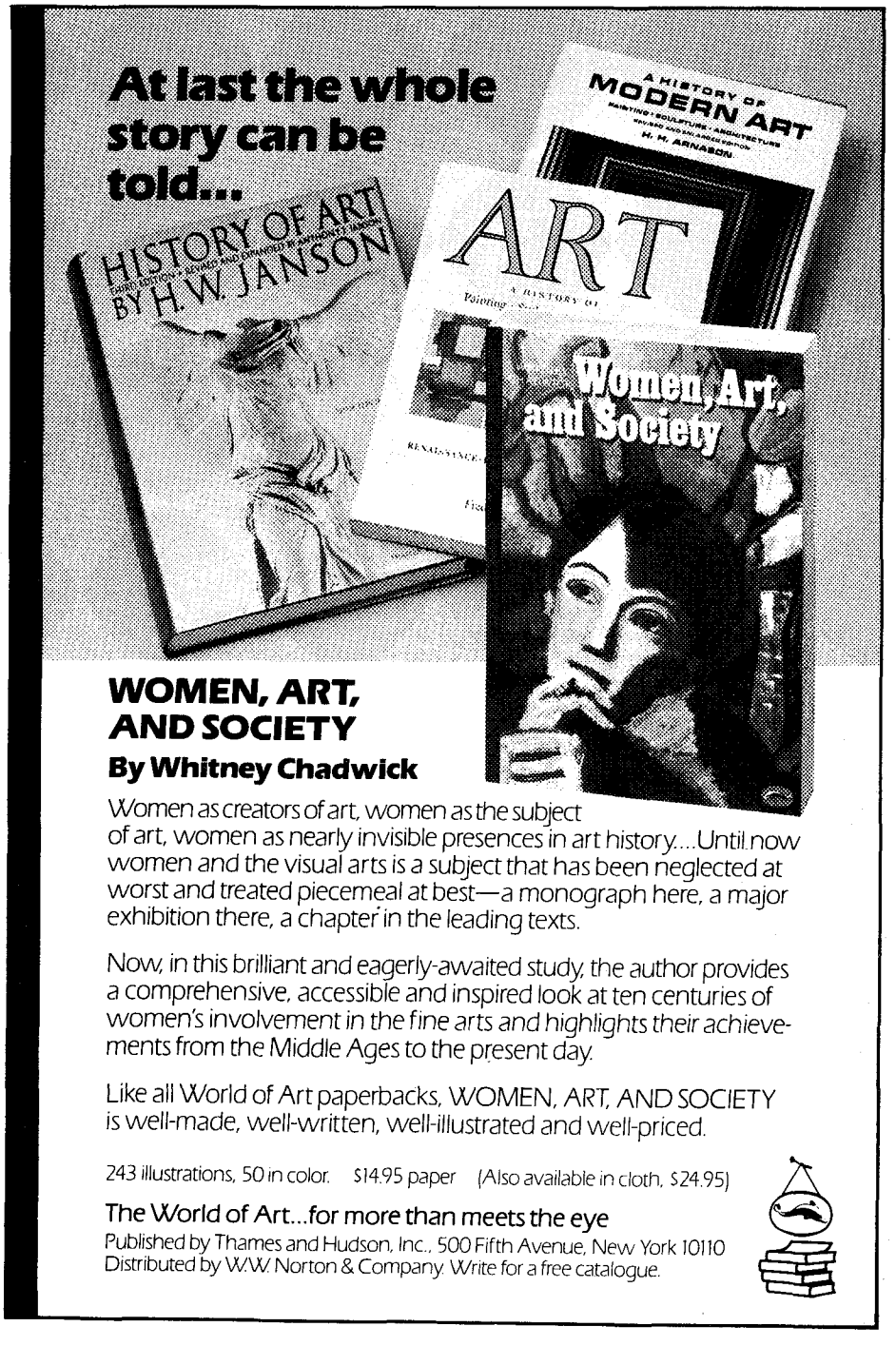
The film's structure is so impressive, Albert's grossness so transfixing, the photography by Sacha Vierny so expert, that I watched at least four menus' worth of this plot with considerable pleasure. If nothing else, *The Cook* held my attention, which is more than I can say for almost any other movie released in the past few months. And if Greenaway had wanted to do no more than that, I would gladly recommend *The Cook* as a *jeu d'esprit*. But how playful is it, really, and on whom is the wit being exercised? As the story proceeds, taking on the character of a Jacobean revenge play, those questions become troubling.

You can see the problem most clearly when Greenaway has to shoot an apparently simple scene: a conversation between Georgina and the Cook. Suddenly, he has no pattern to fill out, no symbols to insert into the decor, no lurid events to stage, no verbal cues for his camera. His only task is to create a moment of human contact—and he falls on his face. It's painful to see how he cuts meaninglessly among close, medium and long shots, trying desperately to keep the scene going. He simply doesn't know what to do with the camera, any more than he knows how to direct the actors. They're both excellent performers, who might have done well enough if left to their own devices. But you can see all too plainly how Greenaway blocked their gestures, fitting them to the paragraphs of godawful dialogue that have to be mouthed.

At this point, a Greenaway fan might object that what I call "human contact"—no doubt a hopelessly bourgeois concept—has nothing to do with the film. If Greenaway can't put a couple of fine actors into a two-shot and come away with a watchable scene, well, that just proves he's more ideologically advanced than Jean Renoir. Maybe so. But let's turn now to the biggest piece of symbolism in *The Cook*, the backdrop against which Albert plays out his enormities: the principal decoration of Le Hollandais, an enormous reproduction of Frans Hals's *Banquet of the Officers of the Saint George Guard Company*.

It's a very interesting painting. A dozen citizen-soldiers sit around a lavishly appointed table, midway through the sort of self-congratulatory feast that used to last for a week. These burghers were in some sense the prototype of the modern middle class; their gluttony—over a period corresponding to the action in Greenaway's film—reinforces the identification between Albert and the figures in the painting. When first seen, he even wears a sash like the guardsmen's. His face, and those of his gang, resemble the figures' faces.

And yet the men Hals painted were not gangsters. In 1616, when the painting was made, they had indeed grown fat, lazy and middle-aged. But these men had


At last the whole story can be told...
HISTORY OF ART BY H.W. JANSON
A HISTORY OF MODERN ART
H. H. ARNASON
ART
Women, Art, and Society
WOMEN, ART, AND SOCIETY
By Whitney Chadwick
Women as creators of art, women as the subject of art, women as nearly invisible presences in art history....Until now women and the visual arts is a subject that has been neglected at worst and treated piecemeal at best—a monograph here, a major exhibition there, a chapter in the leading texts.
Now, in this brilliant and eagerly-awaited study, the author provides a comprehensive, accessible and inspired look at ten centuries of women's involvement in the fine arts and highlights their achievements from the Middle Ages to the present day.
Like all World of Art paperbacks, WOMEN, ART, AND SOCIETY is well-made, well-written, well-illustrated and well-priced.
243 illustrations, 50 in color. $14.95 paper (Also available in cloth, $24.95)
The World of Art...for more than meets the eye
Published by Thames and Hudson, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10110
Distributed by W.W. Norton & Company. Write for a free catalogue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

risked their lives to free Holland from the double yoke of the Hapsburg Empire and the Spanish monarchy. They were patriots and sellouts, grasping businessmen and pioneers of civil liberty. As much as being forerunners of the modern bourgeoisie, they were throwbacks to the free guildsmen of medieval republics. They contributed mightily to the development of the slave trade and also of international law. In his group portrait of their militia company, Hals, who most likely had been born in the same year as the Dutch Republic, created something unprecedented. In effect, he caught the guards off-guard, rendering each man's character almost as if in a snapshot, through fleeting, revelatory gestures. Moreover, though the figures were made individually—much as a film is shot out of sequence—Hals had the novel inspiration of grouping them casually around the table, so that it looks and even feels as if they were painted together.

I have carried on at such length about the painting only because I had to. It looms over *The Cook* as an emblem and also an implicit rebuke. Greenaway utterly lacks the traits that were strongest in Frans Hals—an interest in character and a talent for informality. Nor does Greenaway care about the contradictions of the men Hals depicted, their substance as historical actors. All he wants is an image—a high-toned, arty image at that—with which to insult an upwardly mobile villain whose faults include an inability to pronounce the words on a French menu.

By the time Greenaway drags in a few mentions of the French Revolution, just for the sake of mentioning it, those viewers who can watch and think simultaneously might have fallen into some distress. *The Cook* is a film of ideas by a man who hasn't really got any, a tale of passions by someone who apparently has never felt them. You might try it anyway, just for the wretched excess of Michael Gambon's performance and the fun of seeing Helen Mirren's dress change colors; but don't expect a work of art.

Apart from demonstrating that Daryl Hannah's lips glow in the dark, *Crazy People* is mostly of sociological interest. It's the story of an advertising copywriter (Dudley Moore) who suffers a breakdown and begins to create slogans that are honest. His campaign for United Air Lines: "Most of our passengers get there alive." Off he goes to the loony bin, where he meets our heroine of the resplendent lips. And then, in what is less a plot twist than a long, slow, gentle curve, Moore's slogans become a success. The ad agency sets up a subsidiary in the mental hospital, using Moore and his fellow patients as writers.

This is the sort of movie in which characters make heartfelt confessions, while the camera dollies in relentlessly and something goopy plays on the soundtrack. But that's not the worst thing about *Crazy People*. In fact, I'd rank it about fourth.

Starting at the top, we have a world view that equates human beings with heterosexual white men and consigns everybody else to the category of Other. I know, that happens all the time in the movies---but it's not always this blatant. For example, one of Moore's "totally honest" slogans is for Jaguar automobiles: "For men who'd like a hand job from beautiful women they hardly know." That comes fairly early in the film, when it's still possible to think of these lines as expressions of Moore's character. So what if he assumes that only a man would want to drive a Jaguar, or that men are interested in hand jobs only from women? Moore is portraying someone who is heterosexual and horny, so the slogan is funny. By the end of *Crazy People*, though, the sense of exclusivity has become too ghastly to ignore. Witness the finale, a campaign for Sony Corporation, trumpeting the superiority of Japanese people over "Caucasians" as electronics workers. In dreaming up this joke, the filmmakers seem to have forgotten there are non-Caucasian workers in the United States, too—among them one of their own actors, Doug Yasuda, whose character remains silent throughout the entire Sony sequence.

But then, what do racial stereotypes have to do with "totally honest" advertising? The answer is that truth—excuse me, Truth—has nothing to do with the great majority of the film's parodies. Consider this one, of an ad for Metamucil: "If you don't use it, you'll get cancer and die." What's interesting is that the filmmakers think this is truthful; or, at least, they believe the audience will think so, providing horrifying evidence (as if more were needed) that our society cannot distinguish between honesty and mere rudeness.

And I sat in the theater and laughed. So, *hypocrite lecteur*, would you. It's always funny when something repressed pops into plain view; but that's no guarantee that the humor will be cleansing. Sometimes laughter is instead the sound of surrender—a loud sigh of relaxation given out as the spirit yields to superior force. So it is with *Crazy People*, in which the humor invites you to stop fighting against the idea of the normal; to merge with that imaginary all-white America where men own the powerful cars and women like it; to accept those pitchmen's voices, yammering in your head as if they were your own. Some joke.

Crazy People was directed by Tony Bill. The script is by Mitch Markowitz,

MADAMINA

for Dorothy

Waiting for M. (or was it C.?),
I listened to Gymnopédies
by Erik Satie. Waiting for A.
I listened to Les Nuits d'Été.
The Mighty Sparrow waiting for K.
Waterloo Sunset waiting for J.
Other women I waited for were: I Care Not For
    These Ladies by Thomas Campion, Pursue Thy
    Conquest, Love by Henry Purcell, Le Comte Ory by
    Giacchino Rossini (two record set) and
    Beechwood 4-5-7-8-9 by The Marvelettes,
    and so on
and on.
Don Schwann's catalogue.

I listened to no one waiting for you.
I waited
        I waited.
I waited for you.

Ben Sonnenberg

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who cannot plead innocent on the screenwriter's usual grounds—he's also the associate producer.

In this season of serial-killer movies, the oddest by far is *Santa Sangre*, the first film since 1972 by Alejandro Jodorowsky, author of *El Topo* and *The Holy Mountain*. Written and directed with blithe indifference toward both political virtue and ordinary reality, *Santa Sangre* is like a Mexican version of *Psycho* crossed with a Joan Crawford movie. Is it any good? I don't know. But anything that so thoroughly confounds taste and judgment might be worth a couple hours of your time, if only for the sense of trashy grandeur it achieves. You gaze in awe at this Grand Canyon of stupidity, humbly accepting that which would irritate you in the mere potholes of other films. The hero's name is Phoenix; the heroine is Soul; the least of the symbolic figures is an elephant, bleeding through its trunk. One note of wholehearted praise: The picture features a performance of deadpan hilarity by the aristocratically beautiful Blanca Guerra, last seen in this country in Alex Cox's *Walker*.

There are good performances in *Q & A*, too—notably by Nick Nolte as a blustering, big-bellied New York cop and Armand Assante as a sleek, uptown gangster—but that's about all I can say for the film, even though its writer-director is the thoroughly honorable Sidney Lumet. The theme is racism, as seen and sometimes unwillingly embodied by an assistant district attorney (Timothy Hutton) investigating a supposedly justified case of police homicide. At every turn, Hutton exposes lies, corruption, bad attitudes—so he's pretty much in the same territory that Lumet explored in *Prince of the City*. You might assume that in this world of conspirators, people would communicate in winks and code words. But in *Q & A*, Lumet spells everything out, slowly, and then has the characters carefully repeat it all, so that even the slowest member of the audience can catch on. There's a lot to catch, too, since Lumet seems determined to reproduce every convolution of his source, the novel of the same name by Edwin Torres. The result is at once lumbering and disjointed—a strange combination—and soon, I'm sorry to say, becomes a chore to watch. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 618*)

scientific information can influence personal moral decisions. At the very least, science can tell us how an antiabortion "biological" argument is wrong. That was the central purpose of my article. But while I am a scientist, I am also a human being. I have an opinion about what a human being is and what an embryo isn't. This opinion must be considered in the same way one accepts or rejects the ideological opinion of a political scientist.

I tried to write my article in everyday language. Professional jargon is the doom of understanding. Drop the words "heterozygote" or "blastula" slowly and clearly over the edge of your wineglass at a party and watch people's eyes glaze over. John Bruno, who knows all the scientific words, objects to my lack of precise terminology. But that was deliberate. Whether we biologists call it a "morula" or an "embryonic disc" was not important for my article.

Bio-lingo aside, for some people my words may still seem unimportant. For many staunch pro-choice advocates (including myself) this discussion of the embryo is a side issue. Our real concerns include women's rights, personal choice, the social ills that

Help a needy family have a decent place to live.

Thousands of families across America are forced to live in rat-infested ghetto flats, or decaying rural shacks.

But now there is a way to do something about it!

HABITAT FOR HUMANITY is helping poor and desperate families move into new homes that they help build. Then the new owner repays a no-interest loan so another needy family can build a home.

It's beautiful and simple.

And it really works!

Since 1976, HABITAT FOR HUMANITY has helped over 5,000 needy families in the U.S. and overseas achieve their dream of a simple, decent home.

Right now we're looking for caring people to help us build hundreds more homes. Because we receive no government funds, a gift from you of $20, $35, or more will make a big difference. Please send a generous tax-deductible donation today.

"I know of no better investment than Habitat for Humanity. That is why Rosalynn and I have joined the Habitat team. And that is why we are asking for your help."

Jimmy Carter

YES, I'LL HELP provide a decent place to live for a poor family.

Enclosed is a gift of: ☐ $20 ☐ $35 ☐ $50 ☐ $100 ☐ $_____ 05NA1

Clip and mail this coupon with your tax-deductible donation to:

HABITAT FOR HUMANITY INTERNATIONAL
Habitat and Church Streets • Americus, Georgia 31709-3498

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abortion seems to highlight and that we have not yet dealt with as a society. But while these issues have been raised eloquently in a recent flurry of articles, abortion opponents have successfully influenced our courts and state legislatures claiming: "Genetics has proved that the totality of a person is programmed into a newly fertilized egg cell."

Of course this "scientific" solution to a moral question is fundamentally flawed. But only the overeducated are satisfied enough by the glare of logic to ignore the gut reaction that the antiabortion "program" argument can produce. It has had an impact; it should be examined carefully. If a fertilized egg really were like a computer, if the person were like a book stored there electronically so that all one had to do was push the print button and out would spit the hard copy, then science could point out something disturbing on a gut level. Erase the file, unplug the computer, and your action would be like burning the book.

But the real world doesn't work that way. From the point of view of the fertilized egg the book has not yet been written. The biological specifics of an individual develop by chance throughout the long months of pregnancy (actually, spontaneous abortion is the fertilized egg's most likely fate—to answer Mary Critchell, the actual percentage is in dispute, but the rate is probably more than 50 percent—but abortion opponents just call spontaneous abortion the accidental death of a human being). The physical details of a newborn, from its fingerprints to the unique structure of its brain, are worked out only through the enactment of the process of development. These are scientific facts. (Bruno is confused; this form of chance has nothing to do with natural selection. Bruno is also confused when he complains that I brought "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny" to the wrong debate. I never discussed that concept.)

Perhaps all this proves nothing—most of the important truths in our world do not lend themselves to logical or scientific proof—but my knowledge of the embryo still influences my opinion on abortion. While moral questions cannot be resolved scientifically, a scientist can and should make moral judgments. A biologist should not hide forever behind the cold hard logic of science. Don't be disturbed if he gets tired of the ivory tower, wants to climb down, stretch his legs and remind people that it's the real world he was studying up there.

Charles A. Gardner

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so please bear with us.

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to edit, reject or reclassify any advertisement, The Nation *wishes its readers to know we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENTS DESIRED

• APARTMENT WANTED •

***NATION* PRODUCTION MANAGER** seeks 1-bedroom or large studio apartment in Manhattan below 34th Street. Prime lease, under $800. Call Jane Sharples (212) 242-8400.

UNDERPAID, quiet and responsible interns seek low-rent apartment share, sublet or house-sitting arrangements anywhere in New York City starting right away. Call Peter Meyer at (212) 242-8400.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT for *Nation* columnist seeks affordable accommodation, sublet, house-sit. Arrangement and location flexible, but must be under $300. Call Rich at (212) 242-8400.

MOTHER OF *NATION* INTERN seeks 1-bedroom apartment in midtown, Chelsea, or Village. Two months only, starting May 1. Please call Gideon weekdays at (212) 242-8400.

BED & BREAKFAST

LOS ANGELES near Hollywood. Garden setting. Close to tennis, golf. Residential neighborhood. Reasonable. (213) 664-4425.

CAMBRIDGE NEAR HARVARD. Homey, Victorian. Friendly scholarly ambiance. Safe, quiet, convenient, residential neighborhood. Reasonable. (617) 491-1306.

BOOKLETS

CRIME, DRUGS AND AFRICAN-AMERICANS

Are blacks responsible for the crime and drug epidemic in America? Earl Ofari Hutchinson presents some startling answers in: CRIME, DRUGS AND AFRICAN-AMERICANS.

Please send $2 to: Box 2368, Inglewood, CA 90305

BOOKS

ANARCHIST COOKBOOK available again! $22, postpaid. Complete edition. Barricade Books, Box 1401-R, Secaucus, NJ 07096.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

Wm CAXTON BOOK SEARCH, Box 709, Sister Bay, WI 54234. Send phone/address with wants. (414) 854-2955.

CASSETTES

A CONVERSATION WITH I.F. STONE AT 80

Tapes of this unique Nation Institute/New School event are now available. Each 2-tape set is $20. Send check or money order payable to The Nation Institute to: "Stone Tapes," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

CASSETTES

EDWARD SAID/MERON BENVENISTI. *Two Views of the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict.* Tapes of this *Nation*/New School event are now available. Each 2-tape set is $20. Send check or money order payable to The Nation Institute to: "Two Views," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

"THE AGE OF REASON" and/or "Religious Sentiments of Thomas Paine" (from rare letters and articles). $30 for both, $18 each—90 minutes. Thomas Paine Productions, P.O. Box 16145, San Francisco, CA 94116.

THE SUPREME COURT AND DAILY LIFE
WHO WILL THE COURT PROTECT IN THE 1990S?

The Nation Institute presents its historic conference of October 21, 1989, and examines the changing relationship of the Supreme Court to civil rights and personal liberties in light of recent Court decisions.

Reproductive and sexual freedom, race and gender discrimination, criminal defense rights, and a broad historical examination of the Supreme Court are some of the topics covered.

Speakers include DENISE CARTY-BENNIA, HAYWOOD BURNS, RHONDA COPELON, ARTHUR KINOY, WILLIAM KUNSTLER, TOM STODDARD, and others.

This 4-part radio series, produced in cooperation with The New School, the New York Council for the Humanities, and WBAI-FM, is available on 2 cassettes for $25 from The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

COMPUTERS

LONGTIME *NATION* EMPLOYEE, now computer consultant, is selling IBM-compatible computers and providing computer training and support to *Nation* readers in the New York City area. Special rates for nonprofit organizations and those on low incomes. Call Mark Rausher at Present Day Products (718) 934-2861.

COUNSELING

PERSONAL PROBLEMS? Caring, mature, experienced clinical psychotherapist will help resolve them. Short-term treatment where possible. Sliding scale. New York City. (212) 466-6775; Nassau (516) 484-1249.

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 20+ years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity. (212) 582-5508.

EDUCATION

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!

Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning, 56 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or write for free catalog. **1-800-243-1234** Dept. 645

audio-forum® Guilford, CT 06437

SPEAK SPANISH, FRENCH or any of 59 languages as diplomats do, using same U.S. State Department easy, self-study cassettes/textbook. Up to 50 percent savings! Call for free catalog: Audio Language Institute, (800) 722-6394.

ESPAÑOL INTENSIVO. Spanish in Guatemala, nonprofit collective. Proyecto, 210 E. Hamilton, #23, State College, PA 16801. (814) 234-1912.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION

INSTITUTE FOR INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION AND DEVELOPMENT

SOLIDARITY with AFRICA

Plant trees in
Mozambique
Construct housing in
ANGOLA
Work in independent
NAMIBIA

Group programs begin Fall 1990 and include technical, language and documentation training; U.S. presentations upon return.

For free brochure and application:
IICD, Box 103-B, Williamstown, MA 01267. (413) 458-9828.

SPANISH IN MEXICO. Escuela Azteca: summer, Cuernavaca. Live with a Mexican family. Study with Professor Ross Gandy (Marx and History, Mexico 1910-1982). Spanish three levels. Aztecs, Mayas, Juarez, Mexican Revolution. Tours of pyramids, revolutionary murals. $170 each two weeks. Brochure: Escuela Azteca, Rio Usumacinta 710, Cuernavaca, Mexico. (73) 15-24-69.

PENDLE HILL

A place to learn, live, and laugh together toward the renewal of self and society.

Adult study program welcoming all creeds. Short stays or resident terms. Private rooms, 23 wooded acres, Quaker directed. Write Box S2.

WALLINGFORD, PA 19086
(215) 566-4507

GREEK ISLAND EDUCATIONAL HOLIDAY. Study modern Greek language, politics, culture; comfortable accommodations, surrounded by village environment. Two weeks, small classes, $700. Excursions, hikes. Details: 702 Colorado Avenue, Baltimore, MD 21210.

CASA NICARAGÜENSE DE ESPAÑOL

All Nicaragua is a school!

A SPANISH LANGUAGE, POLITICAL AND CULTURAL STUDY CENTER IN MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

NOW MORE THAN EVER, FIND OUT WHAT IS HAPPENING IN NICARAGUA!

- Study Spanish four hours daily at all levels.
- Live with a Nicaraguan family.
- Travel to different regions of Nicaragua.

For further information, please send self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

CASA NICARAGÜENSE DE ESPAÑOL
8124 W. Third St., Ste. 212-A
Los Angeles, CA 90048
(213) 653-4702

YEAR-ROUND 2-8 WEEK SESSIONS

EDUCATION

INTENSIVE SPANISH IN GUATEMALA. Individualized instruction, family living. Casa, Box 11264, Milwaukee, WI 53211; (414) 372-5570.

SPANISH IN GUANAJUATO. Cultural Center of Mexico. Instituto Falcon, Mora 158. Guanajuato, Gto 36000 Mexico. Phone (473) 2-36-94.

SPEAK SPANISH. Total immersion program. Established 1960. Four students per class. Cultural activities and family stay. Cuernavaca Language School, Apdo. 4-254, 62430 Cuernavaca, Mexico. Telephone (73) 15-46-43.

EVENTS

THE AMERICAN-ARAB ANTI-DISCRIMINATION COMMITTEE ANNUAL FUND-RAISING BANQUET

HEALING WOUNDS: PROSPECTS FOR PEACE IN LEBANON

Speaker: Christopher Hitchens

FRIDAY, MAY 11

Radisson Plaza Hotel, Manhattan Beach, California

Tickets: $45, including dinner
For reservations, please call: (213) 466-2838

National Writers Union's NY Local and NYU Journalism Department present:

CORPORATE TAKEOVER OF THE WORD: CENSORSHIP? OR JUST GOOD BUSINESS?

Former Pantheon editor Tom Engelhardt, Herbert Schiller, Jewelle Gomez, Bill Serrin, Annette Fuentes, Felice Picano and many others discuss:

Concentration of ownership of media, advertisers and their influence, difficulties of distribution, copyright practices, minority representation and more.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28

Schimmel Auditorium, Tisch Building, 40 West 4th Street

Registration: 9 AM, Conference: 10-6
Cost: $25 NWU members, $35 nonmembers, $10 students, free with NYU student ID. For information: (212) 677-9705.

THE BERKSHIRE FORUM

May 4-6
Dr. Philip Oke:
The Crisis of Socialism in Eastern Europe

May 11-13
Rhonda Copelon and **Vernice Miller**:
Will Women Survive the 1990s?

May 18-20
Esmeralda Brown and **Dessima Williams**:
U.S. Policy and Warfare in Central America

May 25-28
Ed Sanders:
Music, Radical Culture and Satire

June 1-3
David McMichael:
The C.I.A. and the S&L Scandal

June 15-17
Michael Parenti:
Corporate Capitalism and Democracy

June 22-24
Gil Green, Deirdre Griswold, Joseph Kaye and **Bruce Richard**:
Communist Parties at the Crossroads

June 29-July 1
Leonard Weinglass, Edith Tiger, Robert Meeropol, Patricia Levasseur and **Mary and Muhammad Kenyatta**:
"Human Rights" U.S Style

For information and reservations, write/phone:
Berkshire Forum, RD 1, Stephentown, NY 12168
(518) 733-6013

FILMS & VIDEOS

DANIEL ORTEGA'S ADDRESS to international solidarity workers, delivered via satellite on March 3,1990. One-hour video includes 20-minute election documentary. VHS format. $25 postpaid. Peninsula Peace Center, P.O. Box 1725, Palo Alto, CA 94302.

HEALTH

EATING AWARENESS TRAINING

The simple, natural way to eliminate your weight problem forever. Melt into your natural shape without dieting, pills, powders or deprivation.

Be a freedom eater!
(212) 929-0661

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT and improve your figure. Send $3 to: Lee Boone, 231 Antioch Rd., Carrollton, GA 30117.

MERCHANDISE

GOVERNMENT SEIZED vehicles from $100. Fords. Mercedes. Corvettes. Chevys. Surplus. Buyer's Guide (1) 805-687-6000, Ext. S-3596.

MAKE MONEY ON GOVERNMENT SURPLUS. Send $3 for report to: Lee Boone, 231 Antioch Rd., Carrollton, GA 30117.

MISCELLANEOUS

INFANT MORTALITY USA—Truly a national tragedy and shame for medical science can prevent many miscarriages. A national system of prenatal care would cost about $3 billion, a few B2 bombers—for Congress and Bush Administration a priority.
—WMF.

MUSIC

MUSICIAN SEEKS FINANCIAL BACKERS for professional studio demo project. Intelligent, political, funky pop-rock music with industry interest. Invest in creativity. Serious inquiries only please. Nation Box 550.

ORGANIZATIONS

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: N, 1664 Pleasant View Road, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

WOULD YOU LIKE to be more closely involved with *The Nation*? Join The Nation Associates and get behind the scenes at America's oldest weekly journal of opinion. Call Sandra Zickefoose (212) 242-8400.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS

A Nation Box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $10 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE®. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. 1-800-233-CMLS. Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039. (215) 358-5049.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

PERSONALS

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER
links compatible singles concerned about peace, justice, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 555-A, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

SCANDINAVIA-POLAND-USSR, etc.: Worldwide link between unattached professionals/students. Scanna International, P.O. Box 4-N5, Pittsford, NY 14534. (716) 586-3170.

WINSOME WASP, GOOD EGG, RAVING BEAUTY thanks you from the bottom of her heart for answering her ads in the past 3 issues. She promises to answer each and every one as time and writer's cramp permit.

NYC WOMAN ARTIST seeks 50+, adventurous, fit compañero who likes cooking, jazz, baroque music, mountains, for creative homesteading and good times. Nation Box 593.

ATTR/ACTIVE, CARING WIDOW. Capable homeowner. Classy interests; simple tastes. Seeks 60ish lifemate. Box 279, Menlopark, CA 94025.

ATTRACTIVE POLITICALLY LEFT NYC artist, 60+, seeks holistic, humorous, articulate male soulmate. Nation Box 597.

POLITICALLY PROGRESSIVE, modestly athletic (mainly tennis) academic woman in midwest (Detroit area), 40s, seeks friendship with sensitive, humorous man with compatible orientation to life, thought and politics. Nation Box 598

ATTRACTIVE NYC WOMAN, 41, with variety of interests and politically progressive values, seeks single male, 35+, Nation Box 599.

SINGLE JEWISH MALE, 37, tall, good-looking computer consultant, seeks scientific or like, bright, creative young woman. P.O. Box 291, Middletown, NJ 07748.

LITERATE LEFTIST MALE in San Francisco area desires to meet tennis and/or squash-playing female, 25-45. Other interests include ballet (Balanchine), movies (Ford, Lubitsch) and baseball (the elegant geometry of the game itself). Nation Box 600.

PERSONALS

WARM, RESPONSIVE, bookish, bemused single woman, 50s, seeks single male friend who reads. Thanks! Nation Box 601.

If responding to a Nation Box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

COMMUNITY JOBS, socially responsible jobs and internships. Subscribe to the only nationwide newspaper listing, covering lobbying, organizing, environment, disarmament and more. $12/6 issues. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box NAT, 1601 Connecticut Avenue,NW, #600, Washington, DC 20009.

WORK IN NICARAGUA
APSNICA is seeking volunteers in all fields, skilled and unskilled, to work in Nicaragua. Architects, building tradespeople, computer personnel, engineers, mechanics, medical personnel, English teachers, planners and others are encouraged to contact us. Call: 213-455-1340; write: APSNICA, P.O. Box 1151, Topanga, CA 90290.

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,040-$59,230/year. Now hiring. Call (1) 805-687-6000 Ext. R-3596 for current federal list.

ASSISTANT TO NATIONAL COORDINATOR: Assist national coordinator and executive director in developing fundraising plan and office management systems for expanding national organization. Experience in Middle East work desired. Computer literacy and strong communications skills required. Send résumé to: Palestine Solidarity Committee, P.O. Box 372, Peck Slip Station, New York, NY 10272.

DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR: Mother Jones magazine. Experience in major gifts, events, telemarketing. Salary mid-30s. Résumé to: David Assmann, Publisher, 1663 Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

PROGRESSIVE, SECULAR JEWISH Berkshires summer camp seeks staff: arts & crafts, drama, dance, music, campcraft, sports, waterfront; also teachers, helping professionals, graduate students for group leaders positions. Call or write Alice Grunfeld, Camp Kinderland, 1 Union Square W., New York, NY 10003; daytime: (212) 255-6283, evenings: (718) 436-4968.

POSITIONS DESIRED

EXPERIENCED COMPUTER SOFTWARE DEVELOPER seeks position building systems for organizers and progressive organizations. Interested in phone bank coordination and project management. Expert in user-interface design/implementation and AI. Write: Lewis, 614 San Mateo Ave. #3, San Bruno, CA 94066. Call: (415) 742-5724.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

THE PEOPLE. Marxist biweekly. Since 1891. 4 months/$1. 1 year/$4. The People (N), PO Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

LEFT BUSINESS OBSERVER — a monthly newsletter on economics and politics worldwide. "A salutary antidote to the economic mush in mainstream periodicals." — Alexander Cockburn. One year $18. Left Business Observer (Dept. N), 250 West 85th Street, New York, NY 10024.

NICARAGUA'S VIEWPOINT:
Barricada Internacional,
biweekly news from Managua.
$35/year; $18/6 mo., sample free!
Barricada USA-N, P O Box 410150,
San Francisco, CA 94141

Central America Information Project

EL SALVADOR IN BRIEF reports the barebone facts biweekly on events in El Salvador, uncovering U.S. lies and complicity, focusing on political and military developments and human rights. $12/6 months. *Checks to CAIP, Box 27024, Winnipeg, Canada R3B 3K1.*

SCAPEGOATING THE BLACK FAMILY—Edited and written by black women, this important *Nation* issue debunks the myths and exposes the realities of the African-American family, institutional racism and society's failure to accept responsibility for its racial ills. Margaret B. Wilkerson, Jewell Handy Gresham, Faye Wattleton and others. With Ossie Davis. $3 per issue. Send check or money order to *The Nation*, Bulk Sales X, 72 Fifth Avenue. New York, NY 10011, or call (212) 242-8400 ext. 202 for bulk prices.

REMEMBERING CAREY McWILLIAMS

100 Years of *The Nation*. Former editor Carey McWilliams summarizes and evaluates *The Nation*'s history at the 100-year point. Reprinted from *Journalism Quarterly* (1965), this concise essay is available again. An invaluable introduction and complement to the historic 120th Anniversary Issue.

On The Nixon Within Us. Cartoonist Jules Feiffer's eloquent essay honoring Carey McWilliams's gadfly journalism in an age of Nixonian valuelessness.

These two *Nation* special reprints are available as one package for $3 per set. Send check or money order to: McWilliams Reprints, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

REAL ESTATE

WASHINGTON COAST, steps from the Pacific. 3-bedroom, 2-bath, compact 1-story house with half-basement, chef's kitchen, shop, 2-car garage, fireplace, hot tub, 162' by 80' wooded lot. $82,500. (206) 642-2538.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates STANDARD $1.50/word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words each, abbreviations and zip codes as one. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY 1-inch minimum; camera-ready $60/column inch; not camera-ready $60/column inch plus a one-time setting charge of $15/inch. FREQUENCY DISCOUNTS For consecutive runs only; 4 ads for the price of 3; 10 for the price of 7; 25 for the price of 15. PERSONALS For individuals 2 ads for the price of 1, 4 for the price of 2, etc.; no other discounts apply; *Nation* box number/weekly forwarding service one-time charge of $10; for commercial advertisers standard rates apply.

Deadline Wednesday, 5 PM, 26 days prior to Monday issue date.

To THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for _____ week(s), plus _____ week(s) free.

Be sure to include payment for *Nation* box number/forwarding service or classified display setting charge, if applicable.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment in U.S. currency must accompany order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from $1 (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call (805) 687-6000 Ext. GH-3596 for current repo list.

RELIGION

JESUS FICTIONAL! INCONTROVERTIBLE PROOF, CHALLENGE. Scholarly booklet—$5, Abelard, Box 5652-A, Kent, WA 98064 (Details: SASE).

TRAVEL

FREIGHTER CRUISES—Deluxe, inexpensive. Reference booklet, $3. TravLtips Association, Box 218U7, Flushing, NY 11358; (800) 872-8584.

Third World Reality Tours
Learn the issues firsthand. Meet with labor, religious, peace, and environmental organizers, gov. officials and scholars. Tours to Latin America, Africa, Asia, Middle East, the Caribbean and within the US. For more information contact:
Global Exchange 2940 16th St., Suite 307 San Francisco CA 94103

T-SHIRTS

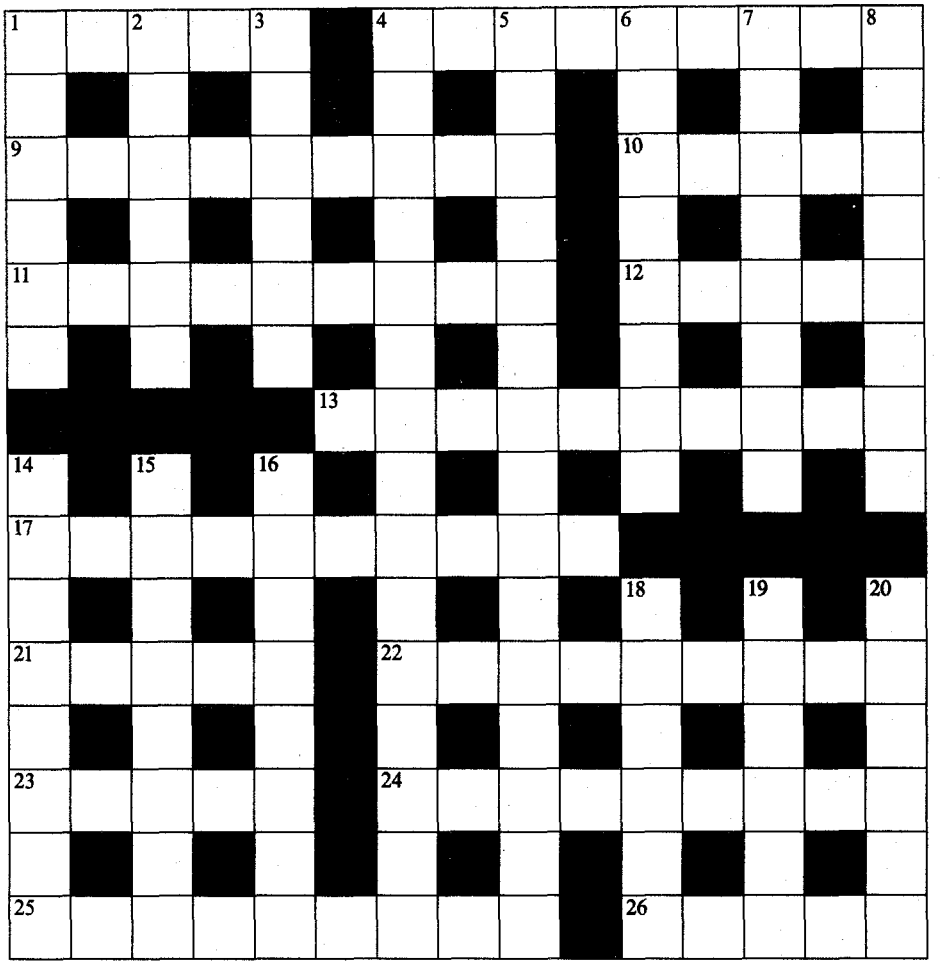
FASHION FASCINATION? FASHION*ATION*! Be fascinating—wear the *Nation* T-Shirt! Red or black lettering on a white shirt. "The Nation" is printed on the front and "since 1865" on the back. All cotton. M, L and XL. $11.95 each, includes UPS delivery. Mail check or money order to: The Nation Fashion Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (New York residents add sales tax.)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2287

A	I	R	R	A	I	D	■	W	A	R	D	E	N	S
S	■	A	■	C	■	I	■	O	■	A	■	A	■	T
C	A	T	C	H	E	R	■	L	A	B	O	R	E	R
E	■	T	■	E	■	E	■	F	■	B	■	L	■	A
T	A	I	L	S	■	C	U	R	■	I	V	O	R	Y
I	■	N	■	■	■	T	■	A	■	■	■	B	■	E
C	Y	G	N	E	T	S	■	M	I	N	U	E	N	D
■	■	■	■	Y	■	■	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	■
O	P	E	N	E	R	S	■	B	O	W	S	H	O	T
R	■	M	■	■	■	E	■	E	■	■	■	E	■	H
B	O	B	U	P	■	A	N	D	■	T	R	A	D	E
I	■	L	■	A	■	S	■	F	■	E	■	D	■	B
T	R	E	V	I	N	O	■	O	C	A	R	I	N	A
E	■	M	■	N	■	N	■	R	■	R	■	N	■	N
D	E	S	I	S	T	S	■	D	E	S	I	G	N	S

Crossword Puzzle No. 2288

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A little firm at the opera house, but it might have a heavenly glow, in a flashy way. (5)
4 Concerning those who carry strong brew, alternatively? (One of these might be a cub.) (9)
9 With a comeback form a replacement in 4 across for one who does. (9)
10 The coconut provides it entirely in Mexico, practically. (5)
11 Miss Doolittle meets one of the Little Women, to see the queen. (9)
12 Completely vanquishes what sounds like the ways of some people. (5)
13 The way things are meant to be, like the prospective bride, or groom? (2,8)
17 Use a pencil and contract, possibly, to make a means of protecting your castle. (10)
21 Something that turns out foreign and domestic articles? (5)
22 "Don Juan" and "Don Quixote," for example, might make me stop one. (4,5)
23 A tricky alternative, at a certain time? (5)
24 I wonder who's—now. Sounds almost like one who had a title associated with state. (9)
25 Pays for accommodations around one of the teams of people who have to live someplace. (9)
26 It's fifty-fifty the fellow around it comes from a little valley. (5)

DOWN

1 "See you!" sounds symbolic of this—and used to make a pretty penny! (6)
2 Butter up, possibly, showing spirit—you once could get stock on it. (6)
3 The god who took a hammer to the woodcutter—as part of the body will show. (6)
4 Behind the Spanish, things that make you walk tall end up relative, in the folk tale. (15)
5 A good score with the no-beginning book—father has nothing to do with it! (15)
6 Instrument supplied by a county official, possibly. (8)
7 No longer British money explains things! (8)
8 Washed up in certain TV shows, the soup's ads might be easy to spot. (8)
14 One who worships false gods also procrastinates, evidently. (8)
15 See 18
16 Dispatched when still sleeping around it? One made himself scarce this way. (8)
18 and 15 Season where hair is stuck together on hair—for the rest of us? (6.8)
19 To exist—coming to no good, in short—where senators became twins in India and Pakistan. (6)
20 People might be led this way, or a lost dog. (6)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STACKABLE BEECHWOOD BOOKSHELVES—
AT A PRICE YOU'D EXPECT TO PAY FOR PLASTIC!

THAT'S RIGHT! NATURAL WOOD FURNITURE AT AN AFFORDABLE PRICE.

ONLY **$39.95** EACH
LIST PRICE $59.95

A Beautiful Complement to Any Decor.

This quality shelving system is made of natural European beechwood—a hardwood tough enough to be used for flooring and beautiful enough to be used for fine furniture.

STACK-A-SHELF has a place in every room, whether it's to show off your library or just to organize unsightly clutter. The STACK-A-SHELF system is perfect for showcasing your personal treasures. Everything from vases to pictures can be proudly displayed on these good-looking, versatile and, above all, affordable units.

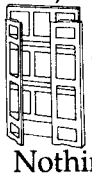
Stack Them...They're Interlocking

Each free-standing unit measures 27¾" wide ×11" deep ×37" high, and is designed to interlock and stack. This means you can actually create your own wall unit. And if you move, just fold them down and take them with you.

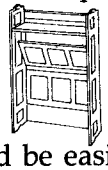
And natural beechwood is attractive...even unfinished. So the unit can be used immediately or you can paint, stain or varnish your STACK-A-SHELF to match your own decorating needs.

Sets Up In Seconds...Without Tools!

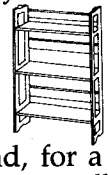
No tools, screws or glue required. Just take the unit out of its flat carton, fold the sides out, and the shelves practically fall into place.



1. Comes in flat carton



2. Shelves fall into place



3. Slides open on hinges

Nothing could be easier. And, for a limited time, Barnes & Noble is offering all of our STACK-A-SHELF units at a savings of 33% off the retail price. So don't pile— decorate in style, with affordable beechwood shelving from Barnes & Noble.

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

ORDER BY MAIL OR CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME
1-800-242-6657

- STURDY
- DURABLE
- PORTABLE

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873
126 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. H323, NEW YORK, NY 10011

1569888. Please send me _____ Sturdy Beechwood Shelf Unit(s) at your special sale price of $39.95 (plus $6.95 shipping and handling per unit). Please add applicable sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA & CA(6%).

Name _____

Address _____ Apt.# _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check ☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Expiration Date Month/Year ☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Number ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Signature _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED